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Deposited Feb'y 3rd 1857
ORIGINAL DIALOGUES;

OR

CONVERSATIONS.

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY MRS. DE WITT.



CINCINNATI:

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S. E. CORNER FOURTH AND VINE STREETS.

With the hesitancy that may well become any claim on the attention or favor of the teachers or friends of our Public Schools, the following Dialogues are presented. The various ages of pupils have been considered, and to clothe childhood's thoughts in their own simplicity has been my aim; most of them are gleanings from actual conversations, and to my children, who have unconsciously been the instruments, as well as instructors, through whom I have composed this little book, it is kindly dedicated by their

MOTHER.

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ORIGINAL
DIALOGUES.

HARD TIMES.

Enter Charley, drawing on a pair of nicely fitting gloves.

HARRY.—[*Accosts him.*—Well, my good fellow, you are as trim this morning as a Broadway dandy, [*turning him round,*] new suit out and out; how in the world can you afford to dress so well these hard times?

CHARLEY.—Can't very well afford it, but I must have clothes, and everything is so cheap now; all you want is the money.

HARRY.—But that is the very thing that is hard to get. Dollars look as large as the full moon

now, and I'm sure I see them less seldom. I thought I would have had a new suit for exhibition, but here is the old one [*looking down at himself*], that figured so conspicuously at the last.

CHARLEY.—There is one comfort, Harry, and that is, you look better in your old clothes than half the boys in their new.

HARRY.—Do you think so? Well, I'm glad of it, for mother says these are to be my best until the *panic* is over, and I'm afraid it will last longer than they.

CHARLEY.—O, I hope not, for I get so tired hearing of the hard times, that I am almost afraid to ask for a pair of shoes, and my toes are about taking their first peep into the outer world.

Enter WILL—[*Reading aloud*]—"Latest news by telegraph; general suspension of specie payments; great excitement in Wall Street!"

CHARLEY.—What's that, Will?

WILL.—Nothing more than the New York banks have all suspended specie payment. I'm glad we have our fortunes to make, and nothing to lose, just now.

HARRY.—So am I, for money is a source of

great trouble anyhow ; I heard Father say, last night, he was far happier when he had none.

CHARLEY.—I believe that is true, for there is Uncle John, that has none, and owes almost everybody, and a happier man I never saw.

WILL.—Has he failed ?

CHARLEY.—No ; I think he has only suspended !

WILL.—Well, I'm sure I never could be happy if I owed anything without the means of paying it ; but Father says it seems to be the fashion now-a-days for a man that has failed to seem well pleased with what he has done, and if his indebtedness be millions, he is so much the greater hero.

HARRY.—There must be a great many such heroes now, but no person envies them their laurels. If I only owe fifty cents, I never rest easy until it is paid.

CHARLEY.—Do you think that would be the case if you owed fifty thousand ?

HARRY.—Probably not, for if I owed that much, I don't believe I ever could pay it, for they say when a man gets one foot into the mire, the other generally follows, in trying to get out the first.

WILL.—[*Very gravely.*]—After all, the best way is to buy for cash, and if you havn't got it, wait until you do get it.

CHARLEY.—[*Looks around with astonishment.*]—Was that you, Will, talking just now ; why I thought some old fogey had stepped in, for only yesterday, Harry, he wanted to buy a pair of skates on credit !

HARRY.—Credit won't do now, Will, but I thought your honest face could obtain anything.

WILL.—My face don't seem to pass any better than some of your bank notes, altho' I know it is just as good ; *you* would trust it, Charley ?

CHARLEY.—[*Hesitatingly.*]—Yes, I don't know but I would if I couldn't get the money, but as every person seems to have lost confidence in their very best friends, I could not but doubt you.

HARRY.—Father says this want of confidence all arises from the parade made in the papers of banks and firms failing, who say their assets are large, liabilities small, and expect to pay in full, that will never pay ten cents on the dollar.

WILL.—Yes, that has got to be such an old story, that people only wink at it now. If some

poor, unfortunate fellow would close his doors, and put up a placard saying he didn't expect to pay a dollar, it would be a good joke on the rest.

CHARLEY.—Come, boys, you are forgetting yourselves; the second bell has rung for school, and we will be sent home for coming so late.

HARRY.—No fear of that. I will take the short cut thro' the alley, and be there before the roll is called. Come, never mind the hard times, boys, for everything will be as smooth as glass before we go into business.



CURIOSITY.

NELLY.—Did you ever see any person have as much curiosity as Sally L.? I do love to tease her.

MOLLY.—I don't think she has any more than the rest of us, only we know how to conceal ours.

NELLY.—I told her, the other day, I had heard something *so good*, would like to tell her, but had

promised I would not, when up she came so pleadingly, and took me by the hand, saying, now, Nelly, if you don't tell me what it is, I will never tell you anything again, as long as I live.

MOLLY.—And probably she would come to you the day after with a *far greater secret* than the one you refused to tell her.

NELLY.—That is just the way with those kind of girls, they are always as eager to tell as hear.

MOLLY.—I don't believe that, for I am a very good listener, but not a good talker.

NELLY.—Well, here she comes now, I will try her again.

SALLY—[*comes up*].—What secrets now, girls? anything new?

NELLY.—Nothing but that, [*showing a beautiful little note.*]

SALLY.—Do let me see it; from whom did it come? A gentleman or lady?

MOLLY.—If it was from a lady she would certainly let us both see it, but I know it is not, for I have seen her take it out of her pocket three or four times to-day to admire it.

| SALLY, *going up to take it from her.*

SALLY.—Don't be so foolish, Nelly, let us see it ; upon my word, I'll never breathe it.

NELLY.—I'm afraid to rely so much upon *your word*, for you didn't keep it last time.

MOLLY.—But that was not a secret of such *great importance* as this.

NELLY.—Why, Molly, you are really getting your curiosity as much excited about the note as Sally.

SALLY.—Who wouldn't? I never saw a girl in my life that didn't want to take a peep in a letter she had been told she couldn't see.

MOLLY.—Well, just answer us one question, is it from a gentleman or lady.

NELLY.—*From a gentleman* ; now you are more anxious than ever to see it.

SALLY.—Of course we are, and see it I must, or I can't sleep a wink to-night.

NELLY.—[*Placing it in her hand hesitatingly.*]—Now promise me, Sally, that you and Molly will never speak of it, altho' I will have to show it to Father to-night.

SALLY.—Aha ! then it is of some importance.—[*Reads aloud.*]—Miss Lowe, you have probably

forgotten there is a little bill of six dollars due us, from you, for confectionary. Yours, &c.

MOLLY.—[*Laughing.*]—What a love letter ; I thought we were going to hear something very sentimental.

SALLY.—And I, too, as it came from a gentleman, and she had to show it to her father.

NELLY.—Now you see, girls, I was just trying to see how much of old Mother Eve was in you.

SALLY.—Well, you find enough to claim relationship with her, and always will be, while women have so much curiosity.

MOLLY.—I don't think they have any more curiosity than men.

NELLY.—Neither do I, for if Ma knows anything that Pa don't, he never ceases teasing her, until she tells him all about it.

SALLY.—And when she does, I suppose he says, (as they all do,) I knew you couldn't keep it ; I never saw a woman in my life that could keep a secret.

MOLLY.—What provoking rascals these husbands are ; if a woman never sets her foot out of doors, from morning till night, it's—" what

is the news, my dear?"—whenever they come home.

NELLY.—And if *their dears* don't happen to have heard anything, they take up the newspaper, and read the rest of the evening.

SALLY.—How I wish Lucy Stone would reform them, for upon my word, they are worse spoiled than children, tho' very "dear provoking creatures," (as their wives call them), whom *they cannot help loving*.



LARGE BROTHERS.

ALF.—Have you any brothers, Percy?

PERCY.—No, I'm the only son. I wish I had; the way I would make them stand round, would be fun.

ALF.—May be they would make you stand round, as my big brother does; it is, "Alf. come here," the minute he gets out of bed, and he keeps calling, and giving orders until breakfast's ready.

PERCY.—What kind of orders?

ALF.—To bring him up some water, see that his boots are polished, clothes brushed, etc.

PERCY.—He must be something of a gentleman.

ALF.—That's what they call him, but I wish he was less of one, and would wait on himself. He has been away from home two or three years, and he thinks he knows more now than Father or Mother.

PERCY.—Where did he go to learn so much?

ALF.—To California.

PERCY.—I guess he had no person to wait on him there, for they say they have to do all their own washing, ironing, and cooking.

ALF.—I don't believe he had to do *that*, for he was working in the mines.

PERCY.—They are the very chaps that have to do it. Did he bring home any money?

ALF.—No, he left it all in something he calls *claims* there, which Mother thinks will make him very rich some day, for he often tells us the steamer he came home in, brought a million in gold.

Enter ARTHUR.—What is that about a million in gold?

ALF.—We were just talking about my brother, who was in California.

ARTHUR.—Did he bring home that much?

ALF.—No, nor anything else, that I can see, except a big gold ring and watch chains.

PERCY.—They generally bring home a pair of whiskers, and mustache, if nothing else.

ARTHUR.—That must be because they charge so high there for shaving. Some of them look more like *bears* than men when they come back.

ALF.—They don't look any more like bears than they act, for my brother *growls* at every thing that don't suit him.

PERCY.—Is he doing any business?

ALF.—Nothing but whittling sticks, and waiting, as he says, for "*something to turn up*."

ARTHUR.—You must have a good time, Alf., I don't envy any boy a big brother, for when our Bill was at home, I was whipped from five to ten times every day.

PERCY.—What did you do?

ARTHUR.—Never could find out, only he said I

deserved it all, and as *much more*, and at last I began to think I did.

PERCY.—So you took it all as a matter of course.

ALF.—And was no doubt thankful you didn't get any more.

ARTHUR.—Yes, but I have learned better since, altho' Bill laughs, and tells me now it was all for my own good.

PERCY.—Father gives *me* enough for my own good, and a *little more* sometimes than I think I deserve.

ALF.—I was very near getting a little more than my usual share this morning, but not more than I deserved, when I made off as fast as my legs could carry me.

PERCY.—How was that?

ALF.—My brother sent me with two notes, one to a lady, and the other to his tailor about an unpaid bill, and I gave the wrong one to the lady.

ARTHUR.—How did you find that out?

ALF.—After she read it, she handed it back to me, saying it was not for her. I thought the

joke was so good I told him when I came home, and he made at me like a young Hyena, when I made off as fast as possible.

PERCY.—I should think you would be afraid to go home again.

ALF.—I should if I didn't know he would see her this afternoon, and she will make him believe she didn't read it at all; it always takes these girls to fix up everything very nice.

ARTHUR.—Then in case it is not fix'd up, we will not look for you at school to-morrow.

ALF.—No, I suppose I will be banished for life.



SEWING.

HATTY.—Do you see that handkerchief, Letty—[*holding it up*—I hemmed it all myself.

LETTY.—You did, why I never knew you could sew as well as that.

HATTY.—I learned making clothes for my doll baby. Why, I remember the first dress I made, Grandma said, blind and all as she was, she could see my stitches across the room.

LETTY.—Sometimes I think I will never learn, altho' Susy says, "be patient, child," and one day when I had done my best, she said, "why did you baste it? I thought you was going to sew."

HATTY.—That was the way Grandma teased me, but she would pat me on the head afterwards, and say, "never mind, you will do better next time."

LETTY.—Susy was not so kind as that, she would laugh, and tell me if my doll could see my sewing it would never put on one of its dresses.

HATTY.—I suppose you would pout then, and say you would never try again.

LETTY.—How did you guess so well?

HATTY.—Why I did so too, but it was because I made so many things wrong side out.

LETTY.—And then had to rip them of course.

HATTY.—Yes, I remember of sitting on a little stool at Grandma's feet, crying over every stitch I took out, when she said, "hush, Letty, be a good little girl, I have a story to tell you."

LETTY.—Was it about "Little Red Riding Hood?"

HATTY.—No, it was about herself; how hard it was for her to learn to sew when a little girl, and when they became poor, she had to go out in families, and sew for a living.

LETTY.—Wasn't she glad she knew how? I never had a Grandmother.

HATTY.—Oh! you must have had one, but may be she died long ago; you ought to see mine.

LETTY.—Does she look like Grandmother Hubbard?

HATTY.—No indeed, she is always so neat and clean, and wears such pretty plain caps, and white underhandkerchiefs. Pa had her likeness taken last week, and everybody asked what dear old woman that was.

LETTY.—Well, I will go home with you next Saturday, and if I take my doll apron, will your Grandma show me how to make it?

HATTY.—Of course she will, but don't forget your thimble.

LETTY.—I never could sew with a thimble in all my life.

HATTY.—But you must learn, Letty, and after we get done sewing I will send for Flora Beach,

and Katy Bruce, and we will have a little tea party.

LETTY.—Won't that be nice ; I must run home and tell Mother all about it ; only four days until Saturday ; I'm so glad ; good bye, Hatty, good bye ; now don't forget the tea party.



COUNTRY LIFE.

BOB.—How do you like living in the country, Joe ; you have fine fresh air out there.

JOE.—Yes, and enough of it ; I get up in the morning about five, and am out taking fresh air until breakfast is ready.

BOB.—Why do you stay out so much ?

JOE.—How would you expect a fellow to hoe cabbages, weed onions, and pole beans, in the house ?

BOB.—Oh ! ho ! I didn't know you was so industrious ; you can't have *that* to do every morning ?

JOE.—No, not every morning, for sometimes I

have to go for the cow, water the horses, and feed the pigs.

BOB.—What a comfort (as our Mothers say) you must be at home, how would they get along without you ?

JOE.—I don't know, without it would be to get a man, and pay him double the wages they do me.

BOB.—They *pay you* then, do they ?

JOE.—So they say, but I never saw any money yet, it all went for my last suit of clothes.

BOB.—That is a great way, I would rather see the money, *any time*, than the clothes.

JOE.—So would I, if it was only a dime a day, I would feel a great deal richer, than if I was dressed in the finest broadcloth.

BOB.—I wonder if our fathers ever think we would like to have a little change jingling in our pockets.

JOE.—I suppose they do, only they are afraid it will jingle out.

BOB.—Better do that than wear a hole in your pocket.

JOE.—I remember one morning, a few weeks ago, after having had a shower in the night,

Father said, "Joe, if you have all the weeds out of the beds before breakfast, I will give you a dime." I tell you Bob, I worked like a hero, and it wasn't more than an hour before I had every weed, as well as a lot of young carrots, wilting in the sun.

BOB.—But you got your dime, did you?

JOE.—Of course I did, and I think I earned it, for the nasty carrots were far harder to pull up than the weeds.

BOB.—What did your Father say, when he found out what you had done.

JOE.—Nothing; *he* didn't know them from weeds; it was mother planted them, for herself, and company.

BOB.—Isn't it queer how weeds grow. Ten to one if you planted them they would never come up; but you forgot to tell me what you did with your dime.

JOE.—I got it changed into cents at the toll gate as I came in, and walked among the boys, feeling as big as John Jacob Astor.

BOB.—It is a wonder they didn't try to get it from you.

JOE.—They did ; one boy had marbles to sell, another a top, another a kite, and so on, until they got every cent, and I went home wishing all the way I had my money back, and they their foolish things.

BOB.—Boys are all alike. I have done so myself, and father says, that is the way about one-half of the world do business.

JOE.—You will never catch *me* doing *it* that way. Money is money, and when I get it I won't sell it for any thing else.



UNCLE ALECK.

JIM counting some cents which he holds in his hand.

Enter TOM.—Jim, where did you get all that money ?

JIM.—Got it from Uncle Aleck, for going out of the room when he came to see Cousin Fanny.

TOM.—He only gave me three cents last time, and if he don't give me more, I will not go out at all ; I wonder why he comes so often.

JIM.—I don't know; but he always seems to have so much to say, and Fanny listens just as if he was preaching a sermon.

TOM.—I guess he does, for he had finished his sermon, yesterday, when I went in, and was down on his knees. I don't like him very much, for I don't think he is fond of children.

JIM.—Yes he is, for he took sister Lily on his knee, yesterday, and told Cousin Fanny what a sweet little thing she was, kissed and petted her, and said he always loved little children so much.

TOM.—O, that is because he thinks the baby looks like her. I heard him tell her it had such sweet blue eyes, and rosy lips, and then he kissed it, and said, you little toad, you are just like your Cousin Fan.

JIM.—That is just the way they were talking this evening, but I didn't know what it meant, only he took Fanny's hand and said he wished it was his.

TOM.—He would look great with a hand so small as that. What did Fanny say?

JIM.—She only laughed, and said, don't be so

foolish, Cousin Aleck, and then commenced humming Old Hundred, or some other slow tune she thought would suit him.

Enter BILL—[*With his pockets full of marbles—showing a handful.*]*—*Look here, boys, how many marbles I have got.

TOM.—Where did you get them?

BILL.—I gathered all the old iron about the place, sold it for fifteen cents, and bought them with the money.

JIM.—I have almost as much as that, myself, that my Uncle gave me this evening.

BILL.—Let us go into partnership.

TOM.—Wait until to-morrow, boys, and may be I can go halvers with you. I will go and ask Cousin Fan. when the old fellow is coming again. [*Goes out.*]

BILL.—What old fellow does he mean?

JIM.—Uncle Aleck, the banker.

BILL.—Oh! yes, I heard Sister Sue say he was going to marry Fanny.

JIM.—Marry Fanny; and that is what he has been after every day, for the last month. You know he always said his business was over at

three in the afternoon, but I think it *just begins*, for he is here as regular as a clock.

BILL.—He is a very good natured looking man, but almost too large.

JIM.—I told Fanny, yesterday, he looked like old Pickwick, and she laughed heartily, and said, little boys must not talk so much. I do wonder if she thinks he is handsome?

BILL.—No, I don't think she does, but everybody says he is very rich.

JIM.—Tom and I will get all the money we want then.

BILL.—Try and get all you can before, for may be he will say like Old John Unit, after he is married, "it won't pay, boys."

JIM.—I must go and find Tom, and tell him, or he might call the old fellow some name, that would make Cousin Fanny angry, and neither of us would get a cent.

ON COASTING.

STANLEY.—Where were you going, Fred, when I met you this morning?

FRED.—Up to Elm street, to see the boys coasting; they go down like lightning.

STAN.—Did you take your sled with you?

FRED.—I havn't got any; they cost too much.

STAN.—You ought to see mine, that my Uncle at Pittsburgh gave me, it holds five boys.

FRED.—Holds five boys! I never saw such a big one in my life. Has it round irons on?

STAN.—I bet it has, and as smooth as glass. It beat the "Ocean Wave," and it was always called the fastest sled on the track.

FRED.—Have you had it long?

STAN.—Not very; I brought it down with me on the boat, and because it was named "Fanny Fern," Capt. Beltzhower let her go free.

FRED.—Is your Uncle very rich?

STAN.—I guess he is, for he gets me every thing I want.

FRED.—Has he any little boys of his own?

STAN.—No, but he has two of the funniest dogs you ever saw. One is named Ginger and the other Tory, and they do everything he tells them.

FRED.—I would like to see them.

STAN.—May be he will give me one sometime. It would be just as good as a monkey show, and I would make every boy pay five cents to get in.

FRED.—I would like to go in partnership with you, for I think we could make so much money.

STAN.—I have a brother I always take in, or he gets so angry, he tells all the boys it is not worth seeing.

FRED.—Is he bigger than you?

STAN.—No, two years younger. Here he comes, now.

DE WITT *enters*.—Stan. what did you do with my sled? I can't find it any place.

STAN.—I didn't see your sled. May be Harry took it.

DE WITT.—If I can't find it, I will take your big one.

STAN.—I don't think you will; Fred and I are going to try it together this afternoon.

DE WITT.—Who is going to steer?

FRED.—I don't know, I guess we will steer it time about.

DE WITT.—I'll bet Stan. will want to guide all the time; he always does.

FRED.—You may look for me as soon as school is out. [FRED goes out.]

STAN.—[*Calling after him.*]—I'll meet you on the corner of 4th and John.

DE WITT.—I don't believe Mamma will let you go, if I tell her the teacher whipped you to-day.

STAN.—I will tell her myself. It was not any more my fault than Closterman's. I never tell on you.

DE WITT.—You did, one day, long ago.

STAN.—When?

DE WITT.—The time she wanted to know what made my face so dirty, and you told her I had been crying; and she wanted to know what I had been crying about, and I had to tell her the teacher whipped me.

STAN.—Well, then you told on yourself.

DE WITT.—But I wouldn't if you had not said

I had been crying. Do you think a boy's face only gets dirty when he cries.

STAN.—No; mine gets dirty laughing, and I guess I had better go and have it washed now, for Mamma says, it *always* needs it.

DE WITT.—Bring me a piece of bread and butter, with molasses on, and I will go and slide, until you come back.



ON HOUSEKEEPING.

LIZZIE.—Do you ever think you would like to have a house of your own, and be a fashionable lady, some day?

MARY.—Sometimes I do, but when I see how Mother is annoyed by her girls, and all the other troubles of housekeeping, I never want anything larger than the little playhouse I used to have under the shadow of our old tree.

LIZZIE.—It is enough to annoy any one, the *airs* that these girls assume. Do you know Bridget told mother, this morning, she might as well give up housekeeping, for *she was going to leave*.

MARY.—That is just like them ; I get so tired hearing them complain. I try to be of all the service I can at home.

LIZZIE.—In what way ?

MARY.—Well, I rise a little before six, wash three of the children, dust the parlors, and look over all my lessons, before breakfast.

LIZZIE.—I never knew you was so industrious, Mary. I would be ashamed to tell you how little I do.

MARY.—We have no idea how much we can assist at home, if we only do it with a *willing heart*. Why I am so happy while I am at work, Pa. calls me his morning Lark, for I always awake him with a song.

LIZZIE.—Well, I will profit by what you have said, and try and make myself more useful in future. Here comes Kit Carson, late as usual. [KIT comes in.] What is the matter, Kit ? you look so moody !

KIT.—Matter enough. I had to sweep the fallen leaves off the pavement, this morning ; look at my hands all blistered, [*showing them,*] and water all the flowers in the front yard.

MARY.—O, how happy I would be to have flowers to care for; not even a blade of grass has room to force its way through our brick pavement.

LIZZIE.—Nor ours either. I have often envied Kit the beautiful yard that surrounded their place, upon which every person looked with such pleasure.

KIT.—It is very nice to talk about, but if you had to collect scraps of fallen paper off the grass, and keep the children off the flower beds, you would not think there was so much poetry in it.

MARY.—*I* do much more you would not think poetical; for instance, take care of the baby while mother is busy.

KIT.—Oh! taking care of a crying baby is dreadful.

LIZZIE.—She didn't say it was a crying one.

KIT.—Well, I never saw one that wasn't. Ours "makes night as well as day hideous," on every occasion, and yet Ma thinks it the "dearest little thing in the world."

LIZZIE.—That is just what they think of ours at home, and it is more trouble than all the rest

of us put together. Why, only last night, after it had gotten over one of its crying spells, and laughed *just a little*, Pa took it up and dandled it on his knee, and said, there wasn't such another baby in town.

MARY.—I wonder if they thought so of us, when we were babies ; for if they did, they have got most bravely over it now.

KIT.—I am sure they never thought so of me, altho' I was the "first little angel of love" that came to their home.

LIZZIE.—You must have lost your wings early.

MARY.—You must not be so quizzical, Lizzie ; look, all the girls have gone into school ; come let us go, and when we have more time we will discuss crying babies, as well as housekeeping.



RECOLLECTION OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

WALTER.—I have just been thinking, Tom, of the days when we went to the village school ; what a merry time we had of it.

TOM.—Yes, very merry, indeed ; but you for-

get, Walter, how cross old Funsten was, and how often the palms of our hands suffered from contact with his hickory ruler.

WALTER.—It makes mine smart to think of it now, and although he gave us two more for every time we drew our hands away, I could not help doing so.

TOM.—Nor I either, altho' I kept mine pretty still, until I found I had just time to save myself.

WALTER.—I could bear the pain a great deal better than I could the smirks and smiles of the boys and girls.

TOM.—So could I; red as my hands were sometimes, I felt my face was far more so.

WALTER.—I remember how one little girl laughed at me, who had long been a great favorite, and I never liked her afterwards.

TOM.—We are not troubled with girls *now*, in our school, for some *wise man* found it was better to separate us.

WALTER.—I suppose it was, altho' it was *their presence* that so often inspired me with poetry.

TOM.—I remember once of being the bearer of a *little gem*, in that line, from you to a red

headed, freckled little girl, we called Sophy, commencing thus : “ The rose is red, the violets blue, sugar sweet, and so are you.”

WALTER.—To which she replied : “ My pen is bad, my ink is pale, my love for you shall never fail.”

Enter HASTINGS from behind, laying his hand upon him.

HASTINGS.—Well, my good fellow, what are you repeating with so much feeling ?

WALTER.—Some of my nursery songs that I had almost forgotten.

HASTINGS.—It must have been the fate of Poor Cock Robin, for you really looked a little sad.

TOM.—Oh ! no, we were talking about our school days, that have long since gone, and wishing they could come again.

HASTINGS.—You are not like me ; I hate the sight of a school, and only wish I had passed the boundary line.

WALTER.—You must have had a hard time, that you can recall nothing pleasant.

HASTINGS.—Hard it was, for my teacher was a prim old maid, that looked about as sharp as the needles with which she was always knitting.

TOM.—I suppose she didn't like children?

HASTINGS.—No, for I thought I was quite a favorite, and ventured one day to ask her how old she was, for which I got a box on the side of the head, and was sent back to my seat, amid the suppressed laughter of the whole school.

WALTER.—[*Laughing.*].—I suppose you will be more particular in future how you ask such naughty questions.

HASTINGS.—You may rest assured I will, for that was *one lesson* she taught me I will never forget.

TOM.—Walter and I went to school in the country, and altho' we had a very strict teacher, we always had our share of fun.

WALTER.—Do you remember the tricks Tom Horton would play on the old fellow, when he took his naps in the warm summer afternoons.

HASTINGS.—What kind of tricks?

WALTER.—Tickling him behind the ear with the tip end of a quill, which he always thought was the flies.

HASTINGS.—And did he never catch him at it?

TOM.—Yes, he did once, but Percy looked very

grave, and said, "please, Sir, mend my pen," so that the teacher was not any wiser than before.

WALTER.—Schools are kept very differently now, and every teacher is wide awake, morning and afternoon, to their duty.

HASTINGS.—We cannot even stay at home half a day without an explanatory note from Father or Mother.

TOM.—Which it is very difficult for them to give sometimes, and we have to abide by the consequences.

WALTER.—Well, I hope the consequences will be that Cincinnati will be proud, some day, to claim us, as the *sons* of her free institutions.



CHRISTMAS.

LOUISE.—Only a few months more, and Christmas will be here, with the cold, frosty weather, that Old Santa Claus loves so much.

CHARLOTTE.—Yes, indeed, I often think of it when I am studying, and wonder what he will bring me.

LOUISE.—What did he bring you last time ?

CHARLOTTE.—Two or three books, a little work box and bureau, and, I had almost forgotten, *another big doll*.

LOUISE.—Another doll ; you must have a *large family now* ; you had four or five of all sizes the last afternoon I spent with you. Why, I never get half as much.

CHARLOTTE.—I wonder what is the reason. May be your chimney is not large enough to let the old fellow down.

LOUISE.—Old fellow indeed. I have never believed much in him since last Christmas. I was sent to bed early, and when I awoke in the night, between ten and eleven, I thought I would go in and see if he had put anything in my stockings, and there was Mother, dropping nuts and candy slyly into each one.

CHARLOTTE.—What did she say when she saw you ?

LOUISE.—Go off to bed, you little Fairy, you ; don't you know Santa Claus never comes before twelve.

CHARLOTTE.—I always was afraid I *would* see

him. I would not get up for the world. They say, "He is dressed in fur from his head to his foot, and his clothes are all covered with ashes and soot."

LOUISE.—Yes, but he always looks so good natured I never thought of being afraid of him. You know the pictures we see of him are always laughing.

CHARLOTTE.—Well, I should be very sorry if there was no Santa Claus, for I think I could never love Christmas if it was not for him; he brought all the little girls in our school something.

LOUISE.—Except poor little Biddy O'Donnel; she cried next morning, and told me she had not any stocking to hang up.

CHARLOTTE.—No stocking to hang up this cold weather. Poor little girl! Where does she live?

LOUISE.—In a cold, dark cellar on Front street. Her mother goes out washing, and she has to stay at home half the time, to take care of the baby.

CHARLOTTE.—Let us go and see her, Louise. I have some clothes that are too small for me, and

plenty of nice stockings, that will just fit her.

LOUISE.—And when Christmas comes again, I will have saved enough of my money to buy her a nice present.

CHARLOTTE.—So will I, and then she will be just as happy as the rest of us. I have noticed she never stops to play with the little girls after school.

LOUISE.—No, she says she must hurry home to gather wood for the fire, and this winter, when it was so scarce, I saw her with a few chips in her basket, she had gathered from off the street.

CHARLOTTE.—Poor little thing. I have often thought she was one of the prettiest girls in school, with her soft blue eyes, and waving hair. Her clothes are poor, but they are always clean.

LOUISE.—Yes, and so is their little room, altho' they have nothing in it but two chairs, a table and a bed.

CHARLOTTE.—I am so glad you told me about her. I will go home this very evening, and tell Father, and I know he will help them.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

ANDY.—How would you like to be a public speaker, Ed., and astonish all the world with your eloquence?

ED.—As for being a public speaker, I might do very well, but as to astonishing all the world with my eloquence, is quite another thing.

ANDY.—Why, if you would give such a fine display of your oratorical powers as you did upon last examination day, you would astonish any one.

ED.—Indeed! to tell you the truth, Andy, I was so much frightened at the sound of my own voice. I thought it was an echo from the distant hills, and when I had ceased, and they began applauding me, it was with difficulty I found my seat.

ANDY.—I never tried to speak but once, and then I lost voice, sight and hearing.

ED.—When did you come to your senses again?

ANDY.—Just in time to see some impudent fellow standing where I *should have been*, thundering away like Jupiter.

ED.—[*laughing*]—It goes pretty hard with us

at first. I will never forget Louis Steele's speech.

ANDY.—What of it?

ED.—Here he comes, let him tell it himself.
[LOUIS comes in.] Andy and I have been talking about speaking, and I was just going to tell him about your first effort ; but tell it yourself.

LOUIS.—[Addressing ANDY.]—Well, you see, I had been preparing for weeks on one of Webster's best efforts, and when I rose I could not for the life of me, remember anything else than, "You would scarce expect one of my age, to speak in public on the stage," and I recited it and took my seat amid the applause of the whole school.

ANDY.—Well done, Lou., you are not so easily discouraged as the rest of us ; some of our most eminent speakers have failed at first.

ED.—Yes, there was Patrick Henry, whose father thought he had disgraced him, and many others whom I could mention.

LOUIS.—The greatest trouble with me at first was to know how to dispose of my hands ; I never felt before they were such useless appendages to the body.

ANDY.—And what about your legs?

LOUIS.—Oh! they sustained themselves very well, with the exception of a *little tremor* about the knees.

ED.—I thought I would shake myself out of my boots the first time, but I really believe I could stand in slippers now.

ANDY.—Almost any person of fine voice, and natural ability, can speak well, if they only lose consciousness of themselves.

LOUIS.—Yes, that was the difficulty with me at first, I would arrange my hair, fix my shirt collar, and like the old fellow in Dickens, “thought of my deportment generally.”

ED.—Yes, I remember one time your collar, which was only pinned to your shirt, came loose, and set us all to laughing.

ANDY.—Boys laugh about half the time, without knowing why, and I have often thought to speak before our own classmates, was the severest ordeal we could pass through.

LOUIS.—But after all they are the best critics, altho’ very severe ones.

ED.—And if, in after years, we should rise to

any distinction, they never forget the first difficulties we had to encounter.

ANDY.—No; and I'll venture to say there is not one boy in school that does not remember my *silent speech*.

LOUIS.—Half of them have called you Quaker Andy, ever since, and say you would have done first rate, if "the spirit had only moved you."

ED.—By the way, Louis, are you going to speak at our next exhibition?

LOUIS.—Yes, I am preparing a declamation in German, of which not one in five will *vish tay* a word.

ANDY.—I would like to get up one in Greek, only I am afraid it would puzzle me more than it would them.

ED.—I always intend to deal in plain English, and plenty of good common sense.

LOUIS.—That is right, and if, in ten or fifteen years from now, there should be two or three applicants for the White House, I will venture to say, the man of *good common sense* will get it.

ANDY.—If you mean that Ed. is going to be honored with such a position, I will apply in

time for an appointment to some Foreign Court.

LOUIS.—I would rather take the out-fit, and stay at home as his *private secretary*.

ED.—Well boys, don't be building too many castles in the air, for if I am to support them all, I am afraid they will give way and crush us.

ANDY.—Let them go, we can soon rebuild, and in doing so may we all live to testify to the world that *Common Schools* are the nurseries of *great minds*, as well as *great men*.



RICHES.

MARY.—Don't you wish we were rich? I think rich people are so much more happy than poor ones.

KITTY.—Because they have every thing they want, and can get new dresses every day. Why, Mary! that silk I had on the other day, is the nicest dress I have, and it was made out of my sister's old one.

MARY.—That is always the way they do with

us, dress us up in the clothes that our big sisters have outgrown. I wish I would start growing, like Jack's bean, in the night, and get up in the morning head and shoulders above them all.

KITTY.—So do I, or else leap from girlhood in a day, and say I would wear short dresses no longer. There is Molly Brown, that is not an inch taller than I, and she put on long dresses six months ago.

MARY.—Oh! her parents are rich, and they humor her in every thing.

Enter CALLY.—What are you talking about, girls? Hope I don't intrude.

KITTY.—Oh no, Cally, we are always glad to see your sunny face; we were talking about rich people, and wishing we could get every thing we wanted.

CALLY.—O, girls, do you ever think how much more you have than thousands of others, and how thankful you ought to be.

MARY.—Of course we do, but there is Molly Brown that gets every thing.

CALLY.—But is Molly any the happier for that? No, indeed! When we were playing at recess,

the other day, she came and leaned her head upon me, saying, "O Cally, but I am tired. I wish I had the rosy cheeks, and bounding steps of Mary and Kitty, and I never would think the days so long."

KITTY.—Poor girl ! I used to think she thought it was not lady-like to romp and play like the rest of us.

MARY.—And *I* thought it was for fear of spoiling her nice clothes.

CALLY.—Well, you see how you can both be mistaken, for we have played together since we were children, and she was always pale and delicate.

KITTY.—I am so glad you told us this, Cally, for now I shall never be envious of her fine clothes, or riches.

MARY.—And I will be much better contented with my sister's old ones, altho' they are almost torn off me.

CALLY.—How do you tear them so ?

MARY.—I have never found that out, but if there is a nail, hook, or any thing within reach, away goes my dress.

KITTY.—Just so with mine. One day, one of the boys called out, “Kitty, where do all your streamers come from?” and looking round, I found I had torn my dress from top to bottom.

CALLY.—What does your mother say, when you go home?

KITTY.—She was going to whip me, last time, but Father said it was only an accident, and would *probably* not happen again.

MARY.—He may well say *probably*, for I know *that one* on you, will never see Saturday night whole. But come, let us go and play, if we have to mend our dresses afterwards.



ON QUARRELING.

TOM, [*exercising with clenched hands.*].—I bet I can whip any boy in school. Just look at my muscles (*showing them*), who says they are not strong?

DICK.—I wouldn't like to bet, as I have no money, but Ben Bosley can whip you, any day.

TOM.—Whip me! why didn't you see me

throw him down, the other day, and hold him until he cried "enough?"

DICK.—But one of the boys told me you had the advantage of him in a good hold, and was afraid to try it over.

TOM.—I was no such thing as afraid, only I had to hurry home, for I promised not to stop on the way to fight.

DICK.—Then your Mother knows you are a great fighter, does she?

TOM.—O yes! she says I'm just like Father.

DICK.—Is your Father a good fighter?

TOM.—The best in all the country, altho' he has never had to do any of it, for everybody is afraid of him.

DICK.—Well, I never considered myself good at it, but I would like to have a little round with you, merely to see how strong you are.

TOM.—I don't feel as strong to-day as usual; I have been working very hard, but any other day, I suppose, will do just as well.

DICK, [*rolling up his sleeves.*].—None of your backing out; now or never.

Enter SAM, [pushing DICK back.]—What is the

matter, boys, in for a fight as usual? I am ashamed of you, before all these people.

DICK.—I get so tired hearing Tom tell what he can do, and what he *has done*, that I thought I would try him, but he always has some excuse or other.

SAM.—Well, I suppose the truth is, he don't want to fight.

DICK.—He won't come out and say so like a man, but he is a little tired, or a little weak, or has to hurry home.

TOM.—Well, sir, you have said enough; I will meet you to-morrow, and if you don't see stars, I am very much mistaken. [*Goes out.*]

SAM.—What is the use of quarreling with him, he is just like one of these dogs that bark a great deal, and never bite.

DICK.—I know it, but I cannot help getting angry at him. He said he could whip Ben Bosley, and I knew that was false.

SAM.—Why Ben is the best fighter in school, but he is one of those quiet sort of fellows, that never shows his pluck until he is roused.

DICK.—And then he is such a noble boy, he

always gets one of his own size, and if he does whip him, he don't go round telling it to every one.

SAM.—No, indeed ; I never heard him boast of his strength in my life. You ought to have seen him collar a boy of fifteen, the other day, that was fighting with a little fellow half his size.

DICK.—I don't like fighting of any kind, but I will never let a boy impose on me.

SAM.—You like it much better than I do, or you would not have gone so far as you did last Saturday, to see a dog fight.

DICK.—It was Tom Gordon took me to see his famous dog Rover, that like his father, could whip everything in the country, and I never saw a dog so badly whipped in my life.

SAM, [*laughing.*].—I am glad of it ; he tried any way to get up a fight with mine, the other day, but Carlo, like myself, was always inclined to be peaceable.

DICK.—Do you know, Sam, I often think people's dogs are very much like themselves. Now there is Tom's, for instance, that looks as if he

was full of fight, and he invariably gets whipped.

SAM.—Not always ; I saw him whip a little dog, the other day, about a year old, and you would have laughed to have seen him come up to Tom, wagging his tail, as much as to say, “ *I have done it now, old fellow.* ” Do you suppose Tom will remember what he said, and make you “ see stars to-morrow,” as he promised ?

DICK.—He will think of it, but that will be about all ; it is not the first time I have tried to get up a quarrel with him.

SAM.—I would not associate with him as much as you do, for I notice you are growing more like him every day.

DICK.—That is what they told me at home, the other evening, when I tried to get up a fight between our cat and dog, and the dog had the eyes almost scratched out of him.

SAM.—What fun you can have in *that* I cannot see, but it is just the nature of some boys.

DICK.—I don't believe it is my nature at all, and I intend giving it up entirely, but not until I give Tom Gordon the best thrashing he ever got in his life.

ON PLAY HOUSES.

HATTY.—O girls, you ought to see my play-house ; it is large enough to stand in.

ELLEN.—Could we all three get in it?

HATTY.—Yes, six of you.

CARRIE.—Have you got carpet on it, and chairs in it?

HATTY.—No, but I am going to get some ; I have two boxes covered with pretty calico, for stools, and a little wash stand and pitcher.

ELLEN.—Have you any chairs, table or bed?

HATTY.—Not yet ; you can't expect a person, when they go to housekeeping, to get every thing in a day.

CARRIE.—No indeed ; sometimes they get the house, and never have anything to put in it.

ELLEN.—That is the way with me. I have very few things, and Biddy says she believes I am glad when she breaks a dish, so that I can have it for my playhouse.

HATTY.—Why I wouldn't have broken dishes at all, if I couldn't get whole ones.

CARRIE.—I have not any of either kind, and I know I have the prettiest playhouse of all.

ELLEN.—Do tell us what it is like.

CARRIE.—It is under our great big apple tree, at the foot of the garden, with moss I gathered in the woods for a carpet, and acorns for cups and saucers.

HATTY.—What a playhouse !

ELLEN.—Is it cool and shady ?

CARRIE.—Yes indeed, the sun only peeps at it in the afternoon, and close by is a little stream, that runs down into the valley below.

HATTY.—I would like its being shady, for mine is so warm I cannot stay in it thro' the day.

ELLEN.—Oh ! I know I would like Carrie's, for I remember that big apple tree, when we lived near her in the country.

CARRIE.—And you remember the apples, too. don't you, that we hid in our aprons, and put away in our drawers to ripen.

ELLEN.—Yes, but I remember better than all, the time I threw up a large stone, to hit a big ripe one, when down came stone, apple and all, on your head.

HATTY.—I suppose you gave her the apple to keep quiet.

ELLEN.—Of course, altho' I never believed I hurt her half as much as she said I did.

CARRIE.—I never knew before the stone hit me, I thought it was only the apple.

ELLEN.—There, didn't I tell you; but hark! girls [*listening*], I think I hear the bell.

HATTY.—It can't be school time yet, for Sally Sloan has not come, and you know she is as regular as a clock.

CARRIE.—If all clocks were like ours, they would never be called regular. Sometimes it takes a start and runs at a great rate, then stops for a week.

ELLEN.—I suppose it is getting old, and thinks it ought to have time to rest.

CARRIE.—Pa says he has had it over forty years, and they only insure *good clocks* now for a year.

HATTY.—It was just so with ours, and after the year was up it stopped, until we had it insured for another.

ELLEN.—You would be a bad agent for some of the clock manufactories.

HATTY.—You are very much mistaken, I could sell more in a week, than half of them do in a month.

CARRIE.—On *tick*, I suppose?

HATTY.—Yes, on *tick*, for a few months merely to try them, and as they generally go *so well* at first, there is not one in five but what would buy them.

ELLEN.—You had better turn your attention to that business, while Carrie and I will be content for some time yet with our play houses. There comes Sally now, let us all go and meet her.



FOURTH OF JULY.

STANLEY.—It seems so long since the Fourth of July was here. I wish it would come to-morrow.

DE WITT.—It don't come as often as Christmas, does it?

STAN.—I forget now, but I don't think it does, at any rate it don't seem to last as long. I have often wished Washington had more birthdays,

for you know we always get to stay at home then.

DE WITT.—So do I. I wanted to stay at home, the other day, to spin my new top, and told Mamma I was a little sick ; so she put me to bed, and put my top on the mantle, where I could see it all the time.

STAN.—You got well very soon, did you ?

DE WITT.—I bet I did ; and you will never catch me doing that again, for Mamma laughed, and asked me if I did not think the best medicine I could take would be my top.

Enter HARRY [with a paper soldier cap.]—Look here boys, at the pretty soldier cap Tom Burnett made me to march on the Fourth of July.

STAN.—You will have to get epaulettes of blue paper, stripes down your pants, and something for a sword or gun.

HARRY.—Yes, I know Tom gave me enough of paper, and he is going to make me a fine sword.

DE WITT *to* STAN.—I think he is too little to march in our company, and then if we go far he always gets so tired.

STAN.—No he don't; he helped us carry the flag, last time, and all the boys said he looked like a little General.

HARRY.—There now, Mr. De Witt, you always talk as if you was the captain.

DE WITT.—No I don't, only the big boys don't like to have such little ones as you along.

HARRY.—Put me in the wagon, then, and pretend I am Tom Thumb.

STAN.—So we will, and trim it all around with pink and blue paper; but I don't believe Mamma will give us any money to buy it.

HARRY.—I'll go and see. [*Goes out.*]

DE WITT.—If you are going to put him in that wagon, you can get Bill or Pat to pull it, for I won't do it.

STAN.—I didn't ask you to pull it. I can get enough of boys that would do it any time, just to get in our company.

DE WITT.—Who is going to beat the drum?

STAN.—Andrew Cutter. He is about the best drummer in town of his age, and then he keeps such good time in marching.

DE WITT.—Every body will be looking out to

see us, as they did last time, when they heard our drum, and thought it was the Guthrie Greys coming.

STAN.—May be, if we learn to march well, the Greys will let us join their company, when we get big.

DE WITT.—Would we have to go to war then?

STAN.—Yes, if there was any.

DE WITT.—I don't want to join, then ; I would be afraid to go to battle, for fear I would be killed.

STAN.—Why you always pretended to be so brave, we were going to put you in the foremost ranks.

DE WITT.—So I am, if there is no danger of being killed ; but who could be brave if they expected to be shot every minute.

STAN.—I must go and see if the other boys are getting ready for the Fourth, so that we can take up our line of march with the other companies. [*Goes out.*]

DE WITT [*calls after him.*].—Don't forget to put me in the front ranks. I'm not afraid of crackers, fire rockets, or torpedoes.

TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD.

NELLY [*talking to herself.*].—It's always the way. I never have anything nice, but Mother gives it to the baby.

Enter SUSY.—What's the matter, Nelly, you look as if you were going to cry.

NELLY.—No wonder ; the baby sucked all the paint off my doll's face yesterday, and chewed the lid of my little paper box all up.

SUSY.—That's just the way our's troubles me. Sometimes I wish there never was any such thing as a baby, but for all that they are *very sweet* sometimes.

NELLY.—Sweet indeed ! I get tired hearing Ma call our's her *sweet little thing*, her pet bird, her little beauty, and her *precious* child.

SUSY.—Did you ever notice how everything goes to their mouths. Why only last night our "*little comfort*" (as they call her at home), ate four or five pages of my Fern Leaves.

NELLY.—It *must* be a *comfort* to have such a baby. I believe they are all alike, for our's did

the same ; and Ma didn't forget to tell Pa, when he came home, how fond their "little beauty" was of books.

SUSY.—Charley and Frank think she troubles them far more than me, for she always wants their kites, marbles and tops, and Ma always says, "boys, remember she is your little sister, *be kind to her.*"

NELLY.—And if she don't get them, she soon will, by crying a little.

SUSY.—O yes! Ma takes her up, and says the dear little thing's heart is *almost* broken, and Frank, thinking he has done something dreadful, gives her everything he has.

NELLY.—I wish they were as kind to us when we are grown up ; I am sure we are not half as much trouble, and *far more* useful.

SUSY.—To be sure we are. Why I run errands to the grocery, bring the milk in, and tie the boys' shoe strings.

NELLY.—For all of which we get cracked on the head with thimbles (don't it hurt), and are told half dozen times a day, we are the most troublesome children in the world.

SUSY.—I never believe half of that, for I always try and mind Ma, although she gets cross sometimes, and tells me to get out of her way when I'm not in it at all.

NELLY.—How often I do wish I was as large as Sister Kate. She never gets a whipping, has no playthings to give the baby, goes out when she pleases, and dresses as much as any lady.

SUSY.—Every little girl wants to be larger. I was so glad the other evening when I was studying my lesson, I heard Pa tell Ma I would soon be as large as her.

NELLY.—Won't that be nice, for I know big people never have half as much trouble as children. They can get a piece of bread and butter whenever they are hungry, and drink as much tea and coffee as they like.

SUSY.—And it never makes them sick, or keeps them from sleeping, altho' they say it will make children lie awake all night.

NELLY.—And if there is anything *good* on the table, it is never for children, only *just a taste*, enough to make us want more.

SUSY.—If we coax for it, we are sent away for being naughty, and after promising to be good, we just come in as somebody else is taking all in the dish.

NELLY.—And if we come near crying, we have to swallow it down, take what they give us, and go early to bed.

SUSY.—One thing, Nelly, we can never be children but once, and I guess they all have a great deal of trouble ; but I do wish we could grow up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night.



PROFESSIONAL MEN.

FRANK.—How would you like to be a professional man, George ?

GEORGE.—Don't think I would like it all ; never saw one in five that amounted to anything.

FRANK.—But what if you happened to be the *one* in five that did ?

GEORGE.—No fear of that ; it don't run in the

family to have *a weakness* that way, altho' Mother always had a great idea of my becoming a minister.

FRANK.—A minister, indeed ! I think I see you with a white handkerchief on, adorning the pulpit. You are far better suited for a counting room.

GEORGE.—There is an old saying that if there are three sons in a family, the smartest one is intended for a lawyer, the second a doctor, and the *third* a minister, which was the only reasonable hope I ever had of becoming one.

FRANK.—I always thought they intended me for a lawyer, but if that rule holds good, I don't think I could adorn the profession.

GEORGE.—Why not ? you have fine oratorical powers, good voice, and *very persuasive* manners, which could not fail at least to please your *lady clients*.

FRANK [*assuming quite an air.*].—Do you think so. Why really, I must take the matter into consideration, for I think many a young man has mistaken his calling.

GEORGE.—“And is lost to society, lost to himself, and lost to his friends.”

FRANK.—I had one brother a professional man, who was very well qualified for his profession, but it was not adapted to him.

GEORGE.—How was that?

FRANK.—It never yielded a good per centage on the investment of his talents, and he “threw physic to the dogs,” and went into the grocery business.

GEORGE.—He was a doctor then?

FRANK.—Yes, and a very good one. There wasn't a woman or child in the whole country that didn't think “he brought healing on his wings.”

GEORGE.—What a loss he must have been to the profession.

FRANK.—Yes, he was. I went round collecting for him, and I came home far more overwhelmed with *blessings* than *money*.

GEORGE.—People never feel like paying a doctor's bill after they get well.

FRANK.—For that reason I think I would prefer the *law* to anything else.

GEORGE.—It is decidedly the *best* of the three, for if you only get a case now and then, you can always “make it pay.”

FRANK.—Anything for making money; I never had any *very conscientious* scruples about what I pursued.

GEORGE.—Well, I have, and for that reason I have chosen the grocery business.

FRANK.—Then I suppose you will not “sand the sugar, water the molasses, and mix the flour.”

GEORGE.—Not I; I have had a better example set me *than that*, by a scrupulous brother, who has been engaged in the business some fifteen years.

FRANK.—That requires more capital than the law, and a man has to choose according to his means.

GEORGE.—True it does, but I can depend on some little assistance from my Father.

FRANK.—Is your Father a wealthy man?

GEORGE.—O no, but in very comfortable circumstances, enjoying the good things of the world, and dispensing them *very liberally* among his children.

FRANK.—Did he make all his money himself?

GEORGE.—Every cent of it, by prudence and

economy, aided by the good judgment of an energetic and industrious wife.

FRANK.—There are very few fortunes made that way now. We are not so slow and sure as our Fathers were.

GEORGE.—No, but it is really the proper course to pursue, although it is called *old fogeyism* all the world over.

FRANK.—I wouldn't have any objections to being called an *old fogey*, if I only had *enough* to entitle me to the name.

GEORGE.—Nor I either ; give me *the money* and you may call me what you please.



ON HEALTH.

ROSA.—Did you ride in, this morning, Fanny ?

FANNY.—Not all the way. I start with Pa, and if the omnibus overtakes us, sometimes we get in, and if not, I walk all the way.

ROSA.—O dear, how tired you must be ; I have only five squares to walk to school, and think that far enough sometimes.

FANNY.—So did I, when we lived in the city ; but now I run through the woods and fields, gather nuts and gather flowers, until I feel more hungry than tired.

ROSA.—You must love the woods very much.

FANNY.—Indeed I do ; and when I bring in my little schoolbasket full of wild roses and violets for Ma, she says with a smile, “ they are very pretty, Fanny, but not half so beautiful as the roses on your cheeks.”

ROSA.—I always noticed, when you came into school, how red your cheeks were, and wondered why mine were not so too.

FANNY.—Because you do not run, and skip, and jump, as I do ; such things are not considered genteel in a city.

ROSA.—Oh ! of course not, and instead of gathering wild flowers, we are contented to admire them in milliners’ windows.

FANNY.—I have seen some of our girls walking along the street, with a step as slow and measured as if they were over sixty.

ROSA.—And then complaining of being as tired when they reached school, as if they had

walked all round the world. I know *I* have felt *so* often, and would rather rest myself than join the girls in their plays.

FANNY.—You ought to see *me*, Rosa. Brother George and I sometimes run a race before breakfast, and, altho' he is older than I, I always beat him. Pa calls me his little reindeer.

ROSA.—Why, what time do you get up?

FANNY.—A little after five; it is so pleasant in the country, to hear the birds singing so early.

ROSA.—Well, I never think of rising as early as that, for we have no music but rumbling carts and wagons, and then I never feel very well, even if I do sleep until seven.

FANNY.—But you would feel so much better if you didn't sleep so long. Why I never know what it is to have a headache.

ROSA.—We never know what it is to have any thing else at our house. Ma says she feels dull, and Pa says he don't feel much better, and if we have no appetite for breakfast, we always think it is the miserable way that Betty has cooked it.

FANNY.—I don't believe there is a worse cook

any place than our Biddy, but because we always enjoy our meals so much, she talks of going to the city, where she can get *higher wages*.

ROSA.—I hope it will never be *our* misfortune to get her.

FANNY.—I hope not, until you have better health, and better appetites. By the way, Rosa, try the fresh air of to-morrow morning as a cure for your headache.

ROSA.—Well, I will, and if your medicine don't help me I will have to resort to my *old cure of sleeping*.



ON A N G E R .

MARIA.—What is the matter, Dolly ? you look as if you had been pouting.

DOLLY.—Matter enough ; one of the girls told the teacher I played truant yesterday afternoon.

MARIA.—And did you, Dolly ?

DOLLY.—Yes, but I didn't mean to do so. I was following the soldiers, and when I got back the girls were out playing at recess.

MARIA.—And did you go in then?

DOLLY.—Of course I did, and she would never have known anything about it, if it had not been for that little tell-tale.

MARIA.—Never mind her, Dolly, the teacher I know will forgive you.

DOLLY.—Oh! she has, and was not cross at all when I told her all about it; but I do dislike *tell-tales*.

MARIA.—So do I; but you must not feel so angry at her.

DOLLY.—I can't help it. She came and asked me where I had been, and when I told her she was so angry she didn't see the soldiers too, that she wanted to have me punished.

MARIA.—You ought to be thankful *you* have not such a disposition, and are so much beloved in school.

DOLLY.—I remember of getting a little girl a whipping once, for which I got two when I came home.

MARIA.—And that cured you, forever afterwards, of telling tales.

DOLLY.—I think it did, and I only wish some more of them could be cured in the same way.

Enter JENNY.—Come girls, let's jump the rope, I have such a nice long one. Molly Fisk and Maggy Means are going to turn it for us.

MARIA.—Dolly is angry at Molly for telling on her, and I suppose she is afraid she will trip her.

JENNY.—What is the use of ever being angry at Molly. I know she does a great many things the girls don't like, but I never think of minding her.

DOLLY.—I cannot help minding her, altho' she never keeps angry five minutes.

JENNY.—You know, Dolly, she is an orphan, and the poor little thing has no person to teach her what is right and wrong, as we have.

MARIA.—That is the reason she seems so unhappy at times. I have often thought she looked as if she had no person to care for her.

DOLLY.—Well, I'll go, but I don't think I will ever like her as much again.

JENNY.—I'm not afraid of that; you'll forget all about it when you get to playing.

MARIA.—And before an hour, you'll have your arm around her, walking up and down the yard.

DOLLY.—We will see. I am determined to tell her, the *first thing*, how much I dislike her, and how angry I am at her.

JENNY.—And then make her promise never to get angry again, unless *you* should happen to see the soldiers when she didn't.



ON WRITING, READING, ETC.

SAM *looking over a letter half finished.*

Enter CHARLEY.—What is the matter, Sam? You look as if something had gone wrong to-day.

SAM [*somewhat gruffly*].—I never knew it go any other way when I had a letter to write. I have been half the morning at it, and see all I've done.

CHARLEY.—Probably you have finished and

don't know it, just like some men who talk and talk on, long after they have said all *and more* than they intended to.

SAM.—I never can tell when I am done, for sometimes I think I have stopped for good, and am about saying "yours respectfully," when Mother comes in and gives me a new start; which only lasts long enough for her to leave the room, and leave me in a *worse fix* than ever.

CHARLEY.—I can feel for you, Sam, for only last Friday I had to get my Mother to assist me in composing one, altho' I promised if she would just tell me *how to begin*, I would go on myself.

SAM.—Well, how far did you go?

CHARLEY.—Just as far as she had told me, and then finding myself in a worse situation than at first, I plead for her to give me *another start*.

SAM.—I tell you, Charley, it is up hill business. Sometimes I feel like a wagon that had sunk deep into mud and mire, which a four horse team could hardly get out.

CHARLEY.—Do you think we ever will learn, Sam? I try all I can, and it seems as if it was getting harder every day.

SAM.—Oh yes! Father says it was the greatest trouble he had when a boy, and now he writes like a book.

CHARLEY.—But they say letter writing changes as much in style and fashion as anything else.

SAM.—That's true enough, for Mother says it used to be the custom to begin by "taking up her pen to let you know," or "taking the opportunity to inform you," etc.; and now it is, "yours of the 8th or 10th is received."

Enter GEORGE.—Do you know, boys, that we have to read selections from the "British Poets" at our next examination?

CHARLEY.—You don't say so. I hope I'll have a trial at the Battle of Waterloo.

SAM.—How does it go? I don't remember it.

CHARLEY.—"There was a sound of revelry by night, and Belgium's Capital had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry."

GEORGE.—You must have practiced *on that*. For my part, I never could read poetry in my life. My voice falls so musically at the end of every line, that it would be very difficult to know whether I was reading or singing.

SAM.—That's not the way with me ; I always get pitched so high when I start, that I have to keep it up, and the teacher says it sounds as if I was trying to make myself heard a mile off.

CHARLEY.—I have always thought it a great accomplishment to become a good reader, but have given up long ago ever being a good writer.

GEORGE.—The only fault is you make too many flourishes, when if you would write a plain, unassuming hand, nobody would notice it, except to say it would suit for a lawyer's.

SAM.—Do lawyers generally write so indifferently ?

GEORGE.—Yes, their's look as if they had practiced on pot hooks half their days. Why there is Judge Barney, that can't for the life of him read his own writing.

CHARLEY.—Why that is very encouraging for me, *and a Judge too*. Why after a while it will be said none but our fancy dry goods clerks can write legible hands.

SAM.—I have heard persons say they could always tell the character of another by his or

her writing, but I don't believe a word of it. Here is a letter [*holding it up*] I have written to my dear Uncle, and while he is thinking (as he reads) what an amiable nephew he has, I have wished him in Halifax, fifty times.

CHARLEY.—Oh! that is because you have had so much trouble composing it.

GEORGE.—Why don't you get a book, as well as a lot of good old letters, from which you can take extracts.

SAM.—May be they wouldn't answer the purpose, and then he would find out that which I am only afraid he'll know.

GEORGE.—The best letter I ever wrote in my life was one I copied from a book, and sent to my cousin.

CHARLEY.—And did he reply to it?

GEORGE.—No, but I know the reason was he thought he could not write anything equal to it.

SAM.—Well, that is a good way of stopping a correspondence. I'll try it, and see how it works with me.

ON EXAMINATION DAYS.

FANNY.—Don't you dread examination days, Rosa? Only one week more, and we will be ushered in before a lot of *wondrous wise* looking people, called *critics*.

ROSA.—I think I do; for if I am ever so well prepared, my ideas like birds take their flight, and leave my brain as barren as the nest.

FANNY.—It is just so with me. Geography, grammar and arithmetic; all blend together, like one great problem that would take all the wits in the school to unravel.

ROSA.—And then if we stop to collect our scattered ideas, they think we are *extremely dull* for doing so.

FANNY.—Or if some girl (always noted for dullness) should chance to catch up the ravelled skein of our thoughts, and form it into language, she is acknowledged for once to be *quite superior*.

ROSA.—That was the case the other day when I stumbled over a problem in Algebra. Sally

Stone *blundered* into it, and astonished the class with her ready answer.

FANNY.—The truth is, Rosa, it is not those girls that seem the brightest, that are in reality so.

ROSA.—That is exactly the case. I try and make my teacher believe my ideas lie deep, from which arises my inaptitude for ready answers.

FANNY.—And I too, but she looks very quizzical, and hopes next time they will lie nearer the surface.

Enter KATE.—Girls, do you know Dr. R——, Professor G——, and the Rev. Mr. B——, are all to be present at our examination.

Both reply.—Who told you?

KATE.—Why Brother Frank was summoned into our room, a few minutes ago, and three notes handed him for these same gentlemen. Of course I didn't see the inside, but I was always good at guessing.

ROSA.—Oh dear! whenever that Professor G—— looks at me thro' his glasses, I lose every idea I ever had.

FANNY.—So do I. I always hated glasses, they

look so professional ; but after all, they are better than the penetrating eye of Dr. R——.

KATE.—I don't care for him half as much as I do for our white kerchief friend, the Rev. Mr. B——. He always appears like an abridged addition of history, and whenever he puts on one of his long faces, I get so nervous, waiting to hear what question he is going to ask, that if it was nothing more than, "who was the first man?" I verily believe I would say, "I've forgotten, Sir."

ROSA.—He would not frighten me half as much if he would take off that white handkerchief. I don't see why ministers should wear them any more than other men.

KATE.—Neither do I, only that it designates them from others. Do you know, Rosa, I think people that always try to *look wise*, are not half as much so as we give them credit for. Now, there is the smiling, pleasant Dr. R——, that is not considered as *deep* as some of the professors, and all because he *don't look and act* intellectual.

FANNY.—If some of them would relax their *grave, knowing faces*, and smile more approvingly

upon us, there would soon be a bond of sympathy between us, and we would not dread these examinations as a culprit dreads the court of justice.

ROSA.—But as it is, I could not feel much worse to be tried for some criminal act, than to undergo the test of scholarship.

KATE.—I wish the order of things could be reversed for once, and they were compelled to sit up, and answer all the questions we choose to ask *them*.

FANNY.—I don't think there would be much strife between them about who would go head, for as likely as not, "the last would soon be first."

ROSA.—I would try them in spelling first, for you know they are generally not *very good* at that, and if they couldn't spell phthisic, psychology and pneumatics, I would say, "gentlemen, you can take your seats."

KATE.—Wouldn't that be good; I tell you, girls, it would bring their *dignity* down a little, and they would have more charity for us. But what is the use of talking, it is all the good

it will do us ; better go and study, and try and acquit ourselves with as much credit as we can.



ON FISHING.

WILL.—What do you say, Nev., to go fishing, Saturday, to Saw-Mill Run.

NEVILLE.—Don't care if I do ; but we havn't any hooks or lines.

WILL.—I've got enough of money to get them, and if I havn't, Mother will give me some before that.

NEV.—I suppose I will have to dig the bait, as usual, and carry it thro' town, as I did last time, in an old tin cup.

WILL.—What if you have, it is not very hard work, and as for carrying it in a tin cup, you may do as you please. I put mine in an old Seidlitz powder box the last time, and when I got there the box was empty.

NEV.—I guess they didn't like the smell of the medicine.

WILL.—May be we can get Willy L—— to go

with us, if Aunt Lou. has not sent him to town on old Claybank.

NEV.—Well, you had better take a hook and line for him, for I am not going to loan him mine all the time.

WILL.—I suppose I can give him *mine* occasionally !

NEV.—You only *suppose*, do you? I think I hear you say, “Nev., give Will your line a little while, I had a first-rate bite just now.”

WILL.—Well, you know you never caught any thing *but minnies*, and what’s the use wasting your time on them.

NEV.—I caught a great deal larger fish than *you* did last time.

WILL.—That was a mistake the fish made ; he thought it was my line, because you held it still so long.

NEV.—Who can hold his line still, when he knows there is a fish nibbling at his bait, and he is in danger of losing both.

WILL.—You remind me, when you are fishing, of a bad driver, that is always jerking and pulling his *lines*.

NEV.—You talk very big indeed; but after Saturday you'll turn your tune, or I'm very much mistaken.

WILL.—No sir; I'll not turn my tune, if you keep pulling your line out of water every time the cork moves, expecting to get something.

NEV.—Are you going to take your dinner with you?

WILL.—What's the use of doing that; I'm sure we can always get some at Grandmother's, even if their dinner is over.

NEV.—Don't you think she will give us a dime to ride home in the omnibus; she always does.

WILL.—And then you will walk, and save it for something else.

NEV.—Of course I will. Who is going to pay a dime for a ride, when they can buy enough of candy to last two days. What are you going to do with yours?

WILL.—I'll tell you when I get it.

NEV.—Do you think the water will be deep enough to go in swimming?

WILL.—Deep enough for you, for I never saw any person so much afraid of being drowned.

NEV.—Who wouldn't be, if they couldn't swim ; and how am I ever going to learn, for Mamma says I must not go in until I do.

WILL.—You must not be afraid of being drowned there, for the water is not deep enough to come up to *your* head.

NEV.—I didn't think of that. It would take pretty deep water to cover *me*. [*Stretching himself up.*] I believe I will soon be as tall as Father.

WILL.—Of course you will. You don't want more than three or four feet of being as tall now. I think I see him coming ; you had better go and measure.

NEV.—No ; but we had better go and finish that work he left us this morning, or we may have it to do on Saturday.



MISCHIEVOUSNESS.

JES. *comes in with a whip in his hand.*

Enter RUFUS.—What are you going at now, Jes.? you are always up to something.

JES.—Nothing in particular, only I ran off with Ma's whip, that she had put away for safe keeping.

RUFUS.—Were you afraid she was going to use it on you.

JES.—I did get one trial of it, and I thought I would save myself another, for it is smarting yet. [*Rubbing his leg.*]

RUFUS.—What had you been doing?

JES.—Teasing the children. And no wonder; I never have a moment's peace when I am in the house; if I get a slice of bread and butter they all want some, and after dividing it among half a dozen, I have none left for myself.

RUFUS.—But you didn't tell me why you were whipped.

JES.—I called them all babies, and pointed my finger at them, until the whole troop began to cry, and the first thing I felt was this whip tingling about my legs.

RUFUS.—Oh Jes.! you are just as mischievous as you can be. All the boys say you are the greatest tease in school.

JES.—I know I am blamed for everything. If

an inkstand is upset, a book torn, or slate broken, I did it all. I know I am full of fun, but never mean any harm.

RUFUS.—I heard you tied a little bell to the cat's tail the other day, and dressed the dog up in your sister's clothes.

JES.—That was only to please the children. Ma was going out, and I promised I would amuse them, if she would let me stay at home that afternoon.

RUFUS.—Do you get to stay at home often?

JES.—Not very; and if I do, they are sure to say, "it is well seen that Jes. was at home to-day, for every thing is turned upside down."

RUFUS.—You are the queerest boy I ever saw, and so full of your tricks, there is no trusting you. But I think I am a little too smart for you.

JES.—I know you are. But see, there comes your old friend Frank.

Enter FRANK. RUFUS steps forward to meet him, and gives him his hand, during which time JES. pins something to his coat.

RUFUS.—Why Frank, it seems an age since I saw you. You must have grown two inches.

FRANK.—I haven't grown as much as you.

RUFUS.—Do you think so? I was really afraid I had stopped growing entirely, and you know I always had such an idea of being a tall man.

JES.—He looks taller than he did, since he got that new coat. Turn round, Rufus, and let him see the cut of it. [*RUFUS turns round, when JES. gives FRANK the wink.*]

FRANK.—Why really that is something new; you'll take the shine off us all.

RUFUS.—No danger when you are about, for the girls seem to have a particular fancy for you.

JES.—Oh! that is because he thinks so much of *them*. [*Comes up and looks very closely at him across the light.*] I do believe he has really got a little fuzz on his upper lip.

FRANK.—[*Feeling it.*—]If you call that fuzz I would like to see you raise something better.

JES.—I will in three or four years from now. But do see here, Rufus, there is a little more of it on his chin. [*Upon which he puts his finger, and leaves a mark of smut.*]

RUFUS.—So there is. Why Frank you are really coming out; my new coat won't be anywhere now.

FRANK.—I can't stand this any longer, for I believe you are both making fun of me. Come Rufus, I am going to the Post Office, to mail a letter for Father, and I want you along for company. [*Both go out.*]

JES.—[*Calls after them.*—Take good care of yourselves, boys, and don't let any person play any tricks on you.

Both answer.—No danger, Jes., we are too smart for that.



KIND REMEMBRANCES.

Enter LULY, [*with a small fruit basket.*—I am so tired, so warm too, this sultry summer day, but my little basket is full of the choicest fruit I could get for her.

Enter MATTY.—Ah Luly, is that you, and such beautiful fruit; I told Bessie I knew you would bring it, and she is sitting in her chair, by the open window, listening for our footsteps.

LULY.—Then she is better, Matty? How glad

I shall be to hear her merry voice once more among the girls, and see the sweet smile that chased away the shadows of her young face. It is almost eight months since she bade me good evening, and wrapped her shawl more closely around her, to shield her delicate form from the chilly winds of a December snow storm.

MATTY.—How well I remember that evening. Ma and Pa felt so anxious about her, but she tried to dispel their fears, by saying she would be well in the morning, but morning came, and she was no better; month followed month, and still she hoped that spring would find her once more with her playmates.

LULY.—Dear, sweet girl, how we all loved her, do you know, Matty, I have often thought, those we loved most on earth, were loved most in heaven, and for that reason, the good and the gifted are taken from us so early in life.

MATTY.—I have thought so, too, but when Bessie told me to be more cheerful, her health would come with the violets and blue birds, I looked for their coming, as a wrecked mariner

would for the sight of land, and sure enough, the first herald of spring found her sitting by the open window, inhaling the fresh air of morning.

LULY.—But it will be a long time before her step is as light and fleet as it was a year ago; she looked so lovely, in her simple white wrapper, when I called the other day, quilling a new border for her Grandma's cap, while near her upon the window sill was a little basket of rustic flowers, Lizzy Lee had brought her.

MATRY.—All the school girls remember her, in their little offerings of love and kindness, and she often says, such affection compensates her for her long confinement. She walked out this morning to see if the robins had built their nest in the old apple tree, but she said she could see nothing but the rosy cheeked apples, smiling from every limb.

LULY.—Is their anything more beautiful than such ripe luscious fruit, just look at that [*holding up one*], is it not enough to make us love every thing that God has made.

Enter LIZZY [with a bunch of flowers.]—Who are

you tempting with that apple, you *young Eve* you.

LULY.—As you are not *Adam*, you can rest assured it is not you, but do tell me, where did you get those beautiful flowers [*looking at them.*]

LIZZY.—*Some* I got from the garden before I left, but these violets and blue bells I gathered along the path thro' the woods. I was just on my way to see Bessie, and I knew these simple flowers would make me doubly welcome.

MATTY.—Ah Lizzy, you are always welcome, come as you will, the roses on your cheeks will make her more happy than those in your hand; but do let me see those violets, they have always been her favorite flower.

LIZZY.—They look as fresh and beautiful this morning, after last night's rain, as our little babe after its bath and sleep, and I could not help stealing some of them from their mossy beds as I came along; look, too, at these blue bells.

LULY.—How modestly they hang their heads among the garden flowers, like a rustic girl among city beauties; much as I love our cultivated flowers, O how much more do I love the anemone, hawthorne, and periwinkle.

MATTY.—Because they are associated with your early days, when you lived in the country, and thought God, and not man, cultivated the flowers. I remember how beautiful we thought the apple blossoms, and had our little chip hats all wreathed round with them, much to the admiration of all the little boys in school.

LIZZY.—Why, even now I love the apple, peach and cherry blossoms more than all others, they are so profuse, so generous in their flowers, and give out so lavishly their fragrance to the air. But come, let us go, or my boquet will not be so fresh as I could wish it for Bessie.

LULY.—And she will be weary looking for the basket of fruit, I promised to bring her so early this morning; for it is almost noon, and the air so sultry, that I'm afraid we will have a shower before we reach home.

ON BEAUTY.

JEF. *holding in his hand a pocket-mirror, in which he is gazing intently at himself.*

*Enter HENRY.—[Looking over his shoulder.]—*Well, Jef., what do you think of that young fellow in the glass?

JEF.—Pretty good looking chap; don't you think so? [*Handing it to HENRY, who takes a look at himself.*]

HENRY.—Yes, he is much better looking than I supposed at first; improves on close acquaintance.

JEF.—But you have to look closely to see the points of beauty.

HENRY.—Oh, I don't know; I think the nose is prominent enough, as well as some other features.

JEF.—I wouldn't call a man handsome that hadn't a large nose; and, besides, it is considered *intellectual*.

HENRY.—I never knew that before. I always thought the *forehead*, rather than the *nose*, indicated mind.

JEF.—People of course differ. I have an uncle that is blessed with a very capacious mouth, and he insists that it is the sign of a smart man, and brings up Henry Clay as an example.

HENRY.—I always believed strongly in good large mouths, for I never saw a man with a *small one* that made a good orator.

JEF.—That don't follow that a man with a *large one* always does.

HENRY.—We'll not discuss that point any further. But do tell me, Jef., do you always carry a pocket mirror?

JEF.—No, not always, but I find it very convenient, when I want to arrange my hair or cravat.

HENRY.—Or look closely to find your beard.

JEF.—It don't require a microscope to see *that* now, altho' I had almost given up ever having that essential point of beauty.

HENRY.—Say *manliness*; beauty ought only to be applied to ladies. I remember the first time mother caught me with my face all lathered, just as I was going to use father's razor.

JEF.—What did she say?

HENRY.—She looked very quizzical, and wanted to know how many more latherings I thought I would have to give it, before I got it clean.

JEF.—Didn't you feel mean? I know a boy always does, when he is caught trying to ape the man.

HENRY.—But that is something we all have to pass through, so that one cannot laugh at another. They say a boy don't think as much of himself at twenty as he does at fifteen.

JEF.—I believe that is true, altho' I have thought a great deal of myself ever since I can remember. I had an idea, about a year ago, that I would make one of the handsomest likenesses that could be found, and the result was, I had six of those twenty-five cent daguerreotypes struck off in one day.

HENRY.—Six! what in the world did you do with them?

JEF.—There is not an old drawer, box or trunk I open in the house, but they are the first thing I see. Sister Lucy says she is going to collect them for distribution among the school girls..

HENRY.—I had two taken last week, and if I ever had a spark of vanity left, it was gone as soon as I looked at them, which every body said were very good likenesses.

JEF.—I think a daguerrean room is about as good a place to go to lose all conceit of yourself as any other you can find.

HENRY.—Well, I'm glad we have both made a trial of it, so that in future we will think more of our *good behavior* than our good looks.



BIRTHDAYS.

Enter ALLY.—[*Clapping her hands.*]—Oh! I'm so glad to-morrow is to be my birthday, and I know Pa will give me something pretty.

BELLA.—Don't you wish they would come oftener? it is so long from one year to another.

ALLY.—I think I do; but Ma says they come often enough, for between Bob and John, Sally and I, she has as many birthdays as she can remember.

BELLA.—I never trouble Ma about remembering mine, tho' I'm often afraid she will forget it.

ALLY.—Do you ever have a party?

BELLA.—Yes, all the little girls I know.

ALLY.—You didn't know me last time?

BELLA.—No, but I'll have you next time. We have cakes, candies and lemonade, play "blind man's buff," "pussy wants a corner," and "I spy."

ALLY.—Ma will never let me have company. She says children are so much trouble, and soil every thing so, and she has enough of her own to make a party, any time.

BELLA.—How many are there of you?

ALLY.—Only seven; and Cally Lock's mother has thirteen.

BELLA.—I wonder if they ever keep their birthdays?

ALLY.—No, I guess not, for little Kitty told me she never had a birthday, she "just growed up, like Topsy."

BELLA.—What do you think your Pa will give you?

ALLY.—I don't know; but may be a set of

white China, for my playhouse. What did you get last time?

BELLA.—A little cooking stove, with pots, pans and kettles, just like a big one. I built a fire in it one time, when Ma was out, and frightened her so much she took it from me.

ALLY.—Dear me! did she never give it to you again?

BELLA.—Yes, but made me promise never to put a fire in it, and who wants a cooking stove without a fire.

ALLY.—There is always something goes wrong. The first time I had my table set for a tea party, George came running in, and John after him, and upset it, and broke half my dishes.

BELLA.—And have you never had a tea party since?

ALLY.—Only once, and had to fix it on the floor, and then the skirt of mother's long dress upset the tea pot.

BELLA.—And of course she blamed it all on you.

ALLY.—Oh, yes; she said I had better not

take up so much room next time, which I thought of her, but didn't say anything.

BELLA.—I never have had any brothers to trouble me.

ALLY.—You may be glad of it, for with boots and balls, swords and whips, they are into everything that don't belong to them. Only the other day, Bob ripped open my doll to see what it was stuffed with, and let all the bran out on the floor.

BELLA.—If that's the way they do, I hope I'll never have a brother.

ALLY.—And if I cry ever so little, they call me baby, tell me to look at myself in the glass, and see what a beauty I am.

BELLA.—Does your mother never whip them for teasing you?

ALLY.—Sometimes; but they laugh and say they were only in fun, and the minute she goes out, they are at it again.

BELLA.—I suppose they think that's smart.

ALLY.—Oh, yes! Ben says he never saw a great man yet, but loved to tease the girls when a boy.

BELLA.—How provoking ! I don't wonder your mother thinks she has enough, if boys are all like that. Don't forget to let me know *to-morrow*, what you get for your birthday gift.

ALLY.—*I won't.* Tom says I won't talk so much about my birthday when I'm an *old maid*.



BOYS' TROUBLES.

Enter CARTER, eating a cake. HARRY comes in.

HARRY.—Where did you get that sweet cake, Carter ?

CARTER.—I bought it at the bakery, for a cent.

HARRY.—Did Ma tell you to give me half of it ?

CARTER.—No, but I will [*giving him some*], I was afraid to go in the house, for fear Sally would see it, and cry for it.

HARRY.—Do you know Sister Mary took almost all of mine, the other day, and gave her.

CARTER.—They always do that, and now she knows, if she only cries a little, she can get anything.

HARRY.—She wanted some new marbles I had the other day, and I hid them all in my pocket before Ma saw them.

CARTER.—I tried to hide mine too, but she saw where I put them, and came toddling along, and put her hand in my pocket, and took them all out.

HARRY.—Did she keep them?

CARTER.—Yes indeed; Pa and Ma thought it was so cunning in her, they gave me money to buy more.

HARRY.—She is a cunning little thing, and I cannot help loving her, for all she gives me so much trouble. Did you know, she tore all the leaves out of my Primer to make kites?

CARTER.—Yes, and Ma hunted up strips of new calico for tails for them.

HARRY.—She never thinks it a trouble to do anything for her, and tells us every day, we are enough to annoy the life out of her.

CARTER.—Well I guess boys are far more trouble than girls, or at least every body that has three or four think so.

HARRY.—I don't believe I was half as much

trouble as Sally ; for Grandma knows, and she told me so.

CARTER.—Oh, Grandma forgets ; but I don't think either of us were petted like her.

HARRY.—Because we were not half so sweet. Pa says she is just like a *lump* of *sugar*, and you know a boy never could be that *sweet*.

CARTER.—Well, if we were not as sweet we were just as smart, for Sister Mary says I could say Jack and Gill before I was as old as her.

HARRY.—But you could not fix yourself at the glass, kiss your hand, and act the lady like her.

CARTER.—Boys never do those things, it is natural to girls ; all I care about now is to grow up to be as tall as Pa, and always have a watch, a black hat, and pair of boots.

HARRY.—But it takes us so long to grow. I get so tired waiting.

CARTER.—I believe we would grow faster if Ma would let us out in the rain, but she is always afraid we take cold.

HARRY.—Do you remember the first time we took an umbrella to school, all the little boys thought it was so great, and coaxed us to let

them stand under it, to hear how the rain sounded.

CARTER.—And you was so angry at me, because I wanted to hold it all the way, that we both carried it.

HARRY.—No wonder; you always thought I was'n't half as big as you, because I wore aprons so long.

CARTER.—But you always felt just as big, excepting when there was some work to be done.

HARRY.—I always hated to run up stairs when I wanted to stay down, or go to the grocery just as I was going some place else, but I never thought I was lazy.

CARTER.—I don't think either of us are lazy. We only feel a *little tired* when Ma wants us to do anything, without she promises us a cent, but she don't do that very often.

HARRY.—Oh I forget, she told me to come home early to day, she wanted to send me some place.

CARTER.—Is she going to give you anything for going?

HARRY.—I don't know, but you had better come along and see.

ON EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

ANNA.—Have you ever thought, Ella, what would you do if you had to seek employment?

ELLA.—Of course I have, and long since decided to be a school teacher.

JANE.—A school teacher did you say? I would rather do anything else in the world. Just imagine me, taking charge of thirty or forty unruly girls or boys; why, I would be in the Insane Asylum, in six weeks.

ANNA.—So would I. I often look at our teacher, as she leans her head upon her hand, and wonder if she never wearies of the occupation she has chosen.

ELLA.—Oh, I think it is a glorious one; “teaching the young ideas how to shoot,” and training the tender minds that are just stretching forth their frail tendrils for knowledge.

JANE.—It seems very plausible when you take that view of it; but it is like governing a nation, to govern a school.

ANNA.—Why, only the other day I saw a boy

try to assume the mastery over his teacher, and told her, *very authoritatively*, he wasn't afraid of *any woman*.

ELLA.—Those are the very spirits I would like to quell, and you can generally do it, under the guidance of gentleness and love.

JANE.—If I had charge of such a boy, I would bring the rod into use first, and tell him it was all for his *own good*, or in other words, administer it in “gentleness and love.”

ANNA.—I would be afraid *such love* might be *reciprocal*, and I might chance to get more than I had given.

ELLA.—It is well, I suppose, we all think differently, or every branch of business would not have its numerous applicants. But you have not told us, Jane, what you would choose.

JANE.—Selling dry goods ; it is so amusing to watch the different class of people that daily throng the stores.

ELLA.—And administer to the capricious taste of women of fashion, who come in, toss over one pile of goods after another, and leave the automaton (as they call them) behind the

counter, to gaze upon the disorder they have created.

ANNA.—Inferring, of course, it is their business, and they had better be doing something than be idle. Oh! save me from selling dry goods.

JANE.—Well, I acknowledge it is tiresome, but every branch of business has its cares, as well as its compensations.

ELLA.—Compensations indeed! You get about half the amount of some upstart, whose airs entitle him to double the salary that should be yours.

JANE.—I know it; but how are we to change the rules that society has established for us.

ANNA.—By not submitting to them so tamely. I am not in favor of woman's rights, but I do think we should share alike the wages that are equally ours. I am going to pursue a more independent course than either of you.

Both reply.—What's that?

ANNA.—Keep a boarding house.

ELLA.—I think I see you with twenty-five or thirty persons to suit, and vary your fare as

much as you like, they will uniformly vary their complaints.

JANE.—I suppose Ella thinks she would rather minister to the mind than the stomach.

ELLA.—Indeed I would, for I know the whims and caprices too well, of that class called boarders.

ANNA.—But I would be particular about the kind I would get; not a dyspeptic, rheumatic, gouty old bachelor, or a nervous, hysterical old maid, should be admitted into my house.

JANE.—Then you would have gentlemen and ladies, with small families, numbering from eight to ten, under twelve years of age, besides many others, that like the Irishman, would have no objections to *your table*, only that *which you put upon it*. Oh! the annoyances of a boarding house preponderates vastly over dry goods stores and school teaching.

ELLA.—But you can't get Anna to yield that point.

ANNA.—No indeed; give me a boarding house, with good markets, good appetites and *good pay*.

LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

TOM.—Ain't you glad, Fred., this is the last day of school.

FRED.—Glad enough ; for it does seem as if this had been the longest, coldest winter I ever remember. Why altho' the sun is shining now, it makes me shiver and shake to think of it.

TOM.—Oh the weather I dont care a snap about; I could live in Greenland for all that ; but the reason I'm so glad the holidays are coming, is, that I never have half as much time to play as I want.

FRED.—Play indeed ! That's something I never expect to have much of. If I'm at home, its " Fred., bring in some coal, Fred., bring in some wood, and mind now, and look after the children, Fred., or they may fall and hurt themselves."

TOM.—Oh dear ! what a time you must have. They try to play that game off on me at home, but when they want me they can't find me.

Enter GEORGE.—What are you two fellows

talking about? You look as grave as if you were making laws for the state.

FRED.—We are not making laws for the state, but I would like to make some new laws for the folks at home.

GEORGE.—Why, what's the matter?

TOM.—Not much of anything, only a little more work than his *weak constitution* can bear.

GEORGE.—I'd like to see the boy that don't work at home. For my part, I try to do all I can. We must not forget, Fred., that our parents clothe and school us, and they have had to work hard to earn what little money they have.

FRED.—You talk as if you were a father yourself. But I tell you, George, I am not a bit lazy; I would work all day *for money*.

TOM.—Oh, its the money you want, is it? You don't think clothes and books are as good as money.

FRED.—Who does? They would have to get us clothes and books any way.

GEORGE.—But they needn't send you to school, only they don't want every body saying, "what a great big booby that boy is; pity he didn't

learn something, before he tried to be a gentleman."

TOM.—The first dime I ever earned, was for putting in a load of coal, and when I came home, I was whipped for getting my clothes so dirty.

FRED.—The first I earned was for shoveling snow off a pavement.

GEORGE.—And what did you do with it?

FRED.—Bought candy, and made myself so sick, that it cost father three or four dollars for a doctor to attend me.

GEORGE.—Then you have never liked candy as well since, or doctor's bills either.

TOM.—I like candy very well yet, but every boy makes a fool of himself sometime or other, and after all turns out to be a fine man.

FRED.—So they do, and I think in about fifteen or twenty years from now, we will all be sober old men, laughing when we meet over the follies of our schooldays.

GEORGE.—Well, if we all settle down in Cincinnati, and you both begin to hold your heads up a *little too high*, I shall not forget to remind you of the load of coal, and the doctor's bill.

DANCING SCHOOL.

LETTY.—O Helen ! you ought to see my beautiful new dress, all flounced and trimmed, for next Saturday afternoon's dancing school.

HELEN.—I don't believe it is half as pretty as mine.

LETTY.—What kind of a one is yours ?

HELEN.—Plain white, with worked ruffles on the sleeves, and a pink scarf for my waist.

LETTY.—Well, I don't care if it is, Ma says there will not be a little girl in the school dressed as well as I.

HELEN.—Why Lilly Lawson is always dressed better than any one ; and did you see how she pouted last day, because Monsieur wanted her to dance with Netty Thorpe.

LETTY.—That was all because Netty was not dressed as well as she. Her mother pets her so, she has spoiled her, and that is the reason she is not more of a favorite in school.

HELEN.—Brother George says she puts on as many airs as Fanny Elsner, and tosses her head as if to say, " I don't dance with *every body*."

LETTY.—Oh, that is all because she prefers Frank Curtiss, with his blue coat and brass buttons, to him. I heard him tell her the other day, she was a perfect fairy.

HELEN.—I guess he is afraid we will find out she has charmed him, and he talks about her as if he didn't care for her. Do you know, Lilly, I think dancing school makes the boys and girls very vain?

LETTY.—I think so too; for I know that I love dress far more than I ever did, and it makes me feel unhappy to see others dressed better.

HELEN.—I don't feel unhappy about it, but I catch myself wishing I had a new dress for every day, and wondering if I won't look as nice, next Saturday, as the rest of them. I go skipping and dancing along the streets, as if all the world was one immense dancing saloon.

LETTY.—I forgot to tell you, Helen, I saw you "heeling and toeing" it all the way to church, last Sabbath.

HELEN.—Oh! you don't say so. How ridiculous I must have looked.

LETTY.—And just behind you walked one of

the elders, with his little girl. "Now," said he, "Mary," pointing towards you, "you see why I do not wish you to attend dancing school."

HELEN.—That is too provoking; I am ashamed of myself. But I'll take better care in future when and where I take my steps, and you may rest assured it will not be on the way to church.



ON MUSIC.

AGNES.—[*Looking over a piece of music.*]—I never *will* learn to sing. Here I have been half the morning trying to get my voice up to the right pitch, and as usual, I get it too high or too low.

Enter JANE.—What has gone wrong now, Ag? You talk as if you were very much dissatisfied with something or somebody.

Ag.—The something is this piece of music, and the somebody myself. You know I have been taking lessons from the celebrated Monsieur De Vorney, and because I cannot put on the French airs, I never shall suit him.

JANE.—Of course not. Natural voices and natural people are all out of date. If the ladies don't talk, as well as sing affectedly, they are not *at all fashionable*. For my part, Ag., I would rather hear my grandmother sing "Bonnie Doon," than Monsieur De Vorney, some of his most celebrated pieces.

AG.—So would I. Those dear old fashioned tunes, are like old fashioned people, lovely in their very simplicity. There is "Home, Sweet Home," that won Jenny Lind more applause than many of her operatic pieces.

JANE.—There will always be enough of sensible people to admire that kind of music, so don't become discouraged, Ag., if you don't turn out to be a French artiste!

AG.—It is so much the style, now-a-days, to talk French, act French, and dress French, that we have almost lost our nationality.

Enter ALICE.—What are you discussing now, girls; the Princess Eugenie, Paris fashions, and hoops?

JANE.—No, neither Eugenie nor hoops, for according to report, she has renounced that

fashion, but music and Monsieur De Vorney.

ALICE.—Monsieur De Vorney ! that paragon of music teachers ! do you know he tried my voice to its utmost capacity, and then told Ma all it wanted was *cultivation*.

AG.—I never heard him say anything else. Every voice, according to him, only needs *cultivation*, to enchant the very songsters of the woods. Did you take any lessons from him ?

ALICE.—Yes I took *one*.

JANE.—I remember it well ; for we were so much amused at his manners and gesticulations, that we forgot every thing else, and after school was out, every girl was trying her best to imitate the new French teacher.

ALICE.—And I got so hoarse, trying to reach the highest notes, I did not regain my voice for three days.

AG.—That is the way it affects me, and Pa thinks I have a cold, and prescribes cough syrup after every lesson.

JANE.—Is your Pa a judge of good music ?

AG.—Not at all ; he don't know "Auld Lang Syne," from "Yankee Doodle,"—but he says he

is determined to give his children the advantage of a good musical education.

ALICE.—It may be all time thrown away, without you have a natural taste for it. My Father had very much the same idea, and after I had taken lessons for more than a year, without any improvement, he found he was wrong in urging me to go on.

JANE.—I often think our parents have no idea how much of the best part of our lives are spent in trying to learn something, which can be of no possible service to us hereafter. I remember my first attempt in sketching a horse. The girls laughed, and said all it wanted was the *horns* to make a good looking cow!

AG.—If that was your first effort, I suppose it was your last.

JANE.—No indeed; I went on trying for six months or more, and then gave it up, but not without a regret that I could not succeed, for drawing and music are two accomplishments I would like to possess.

ALICE.—So would I; but I find my talent lies in other things, and instead of singing operatic

pieces, I can sing lullaby's to the baby, and old fashioned tunes, to old fashioned people.

AG.—That is the kind of music I love, and if I could only suit the good folks at home, with simple heart-felt melodies, I would sing them as naturally as the untaught birds.

JANE.—Then you must be content to be the ornament of the home circle, and not the *star* of a fashionable drawing room.

AG.—So I would, and be thankful that my sphere was within the limits of that *dearest* of all places, "Home, Sweet Home."



BOYS' BARGAINS.

PHILIP *comes in whistling, with his hands in his pockets; meets*
HENRY, *who accosts him.*

HENRY.—What makes you so happy, this morning, Phil.?

PHIL.—Happy? Don't you see my new suit of clothes, new boots, and new knife [*taking it out of his pocket*], that I swapped with Jack Vinton for his old one; who wouldn't be happy?

HENRY.—He didn't give you that new knife for your old one.

PHIL.—Yes he did, but I paid him forty cents to boot, and I believe now he has got the best of the bargain. The boys told me he would cheat me, and since I have looked at it more closely, I don't believe it is good steel.

HENRY.—Let me try it. [*Cuts a stick, but uses the back part of the knife.*] It won't cut the first bit; I never saw anything so dull. I would make him take it back before an hour. [*Gives it to PHIL., who puts it in his pocket.*]

PHIL.—That I will, and if he don't give me my money back, I will get father to sue him. He is a regular Yankee, out and out, always making bargains, swapping knives, and cheating a fellow before his very eyes.

HENRY.—The little boys are as much afraid of him when they get five cents, as if he had the whooping cough or measles.

PHIL.—No wonder, for he is sure to get it from them, and give them something in exchange that is no better than whooping cough or measles.

Enter TOM.—Do you want some candy, boys?

[*Giving them some.*] Jack Vinton and I have had just as much as we wanted.

HENRY.—Where did you get the money?

TOM.—I don't know where Jack got it. I didn't have any, but *he* must have had forty or fifty cents.

PHIL.—My money gone so soon!

TOM.—Yours? How is that?

PHIL.—One of my foolish bargains. Don't speak of it; if its gone, there is no use talking about it now; but I don't feel quite as good natured as I did a few minutes ago.

TOM.—Make the best of everything. If we get cheated once, it makes us sharper the next time; and if we get boxed on the side of the head, as I did this morning, it makes us more careful to look out in future.

HENRY.—What have you been doing to have to be punished in that way?

TOM.—Not much of any thing, only as I passed the table which was set for breakfast, I put my fingers into the sugar bowl, and had just got a *nice big lump*, when my mother caught me.

PHIL.—I suppose she gave you your coffee, that morning, without any, as a punishment for your bad behavior. It was the only thing cured me, when I was addicted to the same habit, but I tell you, Tom, *even now* it is very hard to resist a *big lump of sugar*.

HENRY.—I cannot bear the sight of it, ever since I filled my pockets, and stole off where no one could see me to eat it.

TOM.—Got sick, did you?

HENRY.—The sickest boy you ever saw in your life. And when they told me if I would take my medicine good, they would give me a lump of sugar, *I confessed all*, for *that* was about the *worst medicine* they could have given me.

PHIL.—The only way to do with boys, is to give them all they want at first, and they will soon become satisfied. I remember once, some nice honey they had at home, but it only made its appearance on the table when we had company, and of course I got *but little*. But one Sabbath, when they were all at church, I got all I wanted, and have never liked it since.

TOM.—We are alike; if we are told we can-

not have anything, it is the very time we want it most. I'll never forget my standing tip-toe on a chair, to reach some preserves, that had been put up high, when I lost my footing, and down came jar and preserves, all over me.

HENRY.—You must have been in a very *sweet* condition. But come, Phil., I see you have almost forgotten your bargain of the new knife, and I promised the boys to join them soon in a game of ball; you play don't you?

PHIL.—That I do; and here is Tom, that is a master hand at it. Come along, Tom, and we three can carry the day. [*All go out.*]



SABBATH SCHOOLS.

ADDIE.—Did you ever go to the Sabbath school, Ally?

ALLY.—No, I hate schools of every kind, the teachers are always so cross.

ADDIE.—You wouldn't think so, Ally, if you came with me, our teacher is so good and kind;

tells us all about Jesus, how he took little children (like us) into his arms and blessed them, and how much he will love us, if we try to be good.

ALLY.—It is so hard to be good, I don't believe I will ever learn how.

ADDIE.—Yes you will, if you only come with me to Sabbath school. We recite verses every day, from the Bible and get red and blue tickets, and when we have enough, the teacher gives us some pretty little book in exchange for them.

ALLY.—And if you forget your verses, does she whip you?

ADDIE.—Oh no, she always forgives us, and tells us to remember them next time, and God will remember us. Have you a Bible, Ally?

ALLY.—Yes, I have an old one that used to be mamma's, but aunty says it is not nice enough to carry out with me.

ADDIE.—Our teacher says old Bibles are just as good as new ones; they all contain the same reading, and God don't look any more at the *outside* of the book, than he does at what we wear.

ALLY.—Well, I'll show it to you some day, for old and all as it is, I love it, because it was mamma's. I remember one rainy Sabbath of sitting on a little stool beside her, and learning the ten commandments, but it has been so long since I have almost forgotten them.

ADDIE.—Does your aunty ever teach you anything?

ALLY.—No, she is always too tired, or too busy, says I ask so many foolish questions. She sent me to bed last night because I wanted to know if she was ever going to be married. Pa thinks so much of her, because she is his only sister.

ADDIE.—Does your Father take you on his knee, when he comes home in the evening, ask you if you have been a good girl, and tell you stories from the Bible.

ALLY.—No, he says he don't know how to tell stories, but he takes me on his knee, and I know that he loves me, because I look so much like Mamma did.

ADDIE.—Do you remember how your Mamma looked?

ALLY.—Not very well; but I remember she

was very pale, and coughed a great deal, and when I knelt down in my little night dress, to say my prayers, she always laid her hand so softly on my head, and then kissed me good night, before Katy came to put me to bed.

ADDIE.—Do you say your prayers every night, now?

ALLY.—Yes, but I say them in bed, and when I shut my eyes I think I hear Mamma's footstep coming, as she always did, to see me before she went to sleep.

ADDIE.—Don't you think, Ally, if your Ma was living now, she would let you go to Sabbath school with me?

ALLY.—Yes, I know she would, and if I tell papa what a good place it is, he will send me. Will I have to learn a verse for the first day?

ADDIE.—Some easy one, and if you sit beside me, I can help you remember it. And after you have gone three or four Sabbaths, you will never want to stay at home.

ALLY.—Do you sing any?

ADDIE.—Oh yes; we all sing together two pretty little hymns, called "little drops of water,"

and "I want to be an angel." You don't know how pretty it sounds to hear so many voices.

ALLY.—Well don't forget to call for me. I will have my bonnet on, waiting for you at the front gate.

ADDIE.—I won't. Good bye, Ally. I'll be sure to be there.



THE MENAGERIE.

Enter JACK, [with a newspaper, from which he reads aloud the following].—"Van Amburgh's extensive Menagerie. The largest in the country. On Vine, between 4th and 5th. Wonderful performances. Tickets 30 cents. Children under nine years of age, 15 cents."

*Enter GEORGE.—*What are you looking at so closely, Jack?

JACK [*looks up*].—Oh George, is that you? Just look here at this picture of a man putting his head into the lion's mouth, and another standing

with his foot on the tiger's neck. Do you believe they do such things?

GEORGE.—Of course they do. I was in yesterday afternoon, and they did all that and far more.

JACK.—Who took you?

GEORGE.—Took me! I went alone. Why you are not afraid of caged animals, are you?

JACK.—No, I'm not afraid if they only *stay* in their cages, but when that old lion roars, it makes every hair on my head stand right straight up. I went once when I was a very little boy, and I dreamed every night afterwards that the old lion was tearing me up, and the tigers and bears were after me.

GEORGE.—I was a little afraid at first, when the man went into the cage, the animals seemed so cross, but he gave them meat, and then commenced playing with them, just like we would with dogs.

JACK.—If I had a show, I would have nothing but monkeys; they are so cunning, and never hurt any body.

GEORGE.—They have lots of them in there,

but they steal everything they can get hold of. I had a paper of nuts in my pocket, and while I was looking at a little one hanging by its tail from the top of the cage, an old ourang outang took every nut I had.

JACK.—They say elephants steal too. Have they any of them in there?

GEORGE.—Yes, the biggest one I ever saw. He looks as if he could crush a giant.

Enter BILL.—Boys, do you know the show and circus is in town?

JACK.—We were just talking about it. George was there yesterday afternoon, and he says it is the greatest one he ever saw.

BILL.—I always liked the circus better than the show, the clown is so funny, and the horses and riders are so beautiful.

GEORGE.—The best part about it is the elephant. He is far funnier than the clown. Just think of him standing on his head.

BILL.—Standing on his head? Why I can hardly do that myself, and I'm sure I'm not as clumsy as him.

JACK.—And they say he dances.

GEORGE.—Yes ; and just about as well as some men that I have seen, although his feet are rather large for the fancy dances.

JACK.—You wouldn't catch me lying down, as that man does, and having the old elephant step over me. If he had done it a thousand times right, I would still be afraid he might tramp on me.

BILL.—Or take me up with his trunk, and swallow me alive. Dear me ! I wouldn't be a keeper of an animal show for the world ; but I would like to go every day and see them.

GEORGE.—Have you been there yet ?

BILL.—No ; I have grown so much since the last one was here, that they won't let me in now for fifteen cents, and I'm afraid I can't raise thirty. I gave a boy a cent for looking through a notch hole in the fence, from which he said he could see the Bengal tiger, and when I looked there was nothing to be seen but the top of the tent.

JACK.—They try that with every new boy that comes round, and then run off laughing, to let some other one take their place.

GEORGE.—If I was the keeper of a menagerie,

I would have *one day* that I would let every poor little ragged boy in for nothing. I would be just as happy, because I had done what was right, as the little boys would be that got in. But I must go and see if I can get mother to let me go this afternoon. [*Goes out.*]

BILL.—Jack, can you loan me a dime? I have only twenty cents, and I wouldn't miss seeing it for anything.

JACK.—I don't know whether I will or not. You are the *best* fellow to promise, and the *worst one* to pay, I have ever seen.

BILL.—Never mind, Jack, I'll be true to my word this time. Just try me.

JACK.—[*Gives him the money.*—I have often heard father say if you don't want to be troubled with a man borrowing, give him what he wants the *first time*, and he will never come to borrow again while he owes you; but that rule don't hold good with you, Bill.

BILL.—Circumstances alter cases, particularly where menageries are concerned. But come along, Jack, you will find my word, *this time*, as good as my money.

BOARDING HOUSES.

Enter TINEY *with her little sewing box.* *Is met by* AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA.—Where are you going, Tiney?

TINEY.—I am going over to help Lizzie Taylor dress her new doll.

AUGUSTA.—Did Ma say I should go along?

TINEY.—No, she wants you to stay with Nora until she comes back; she has just washed and dressed her, and wants her to keep sweet and clean until Papa comes home.

AUGUSTA.—Did you know Pa saw a house to-day that he thought he would get for us?

TINEY.—No; where? I was not here when he came home to dinner.

AUGUSTA.—I don't know where; but he said it had a beautiful little yard for us to play in, and he told Ma the grass was so green, and he would plant beautiful flowers and vines in it, and she seemed so happy that she almost cried.

TINEY.—Oh, but I'm glad. I'm so tired of boarding houses that I always feel unhappy when I go home with the little girls from school, that have as much room as they want.

AUGUSTA.—So do I. And there is Cousin Johnny that thinks *this place* is nicer than his ; but he wouldn't if he had to stay here all the time.

TINEY.—No, indeed ; but he always thinks every thing is nicer than he gets at home. Do you know one of those cakes I gave him yesterday, that came from his mother's, he said was so much better than theirs ? When did Pa say we would move, Gussy ?

AUGUSTA.—As soon as we could. Ma is going down to see the house to-morrow, and we will know when she comes back.

TINEY.—Won't it be nice, Gussy, for us to have a little table of our own, with only five or six plates upon it, and if Ma don't want to come down to tea, I can sit at the head of the table, and pour out for Papa.

AUGUSTA.—And I can wait on Nora and George, bring in the hot cakes, and take Ma's tea up stairs on a waiter.

TINEY.—And I will get up early and go to market with him, and bring home my little basket full of nice, fresh vegetables. Won't we all

be happy, for children, as well as grown people, love to have a home some place else than in a boarding house. But I must go, or Lizzie will think I am not coming. [*Goes out, and NORA comes in.*]

NORA.—I was looking for you every place, Gussy. Ma said I must stay with you until she came back from Aunt's. I gave George a cent just now, to buy me some candy, but he hasn't come back yet.

AUGUSTA.—How long has he been gone?

NORA.—I don't know, for it always seems so long when I am watching for him. I stood at the door until I got tired.

AUGUSTA.—What if he has eaten it all. You know he likes it so much that he keeps tasting it all the time until there is none left.

NORA.—Well, if he has, Pa will give me another cent, when he comes home. But I will never give him *my money* to buy candy again.

AUGUSTA.—[*Taking from her pocket a doll apron.*—Do you see that, Nora, I made it for your doll, to-day.

NORA.—I'm so glad. Ma told me I should

have one if I was a good girl, and didn't soil my clothes; and I havn't, Gussy, have I?

AUGUSTA.—No, I never saw you keep them clean so long, but that is because you didn't get your candy.

NORA.—I wonder if George won't soon come. Let's go and look for him, Gussy, and I will run up stairs and get my doll, and we will sit on the steps until he comes back.

AUGUSTA.—Well hurry, Nora, and bring my bonnet with you, for if Ma stays away long, we will go to Aunty's, and see what keeps her.



ON STUDYING.

Enter LIZZY with her book. Is met by ANNA.

ANNA.—Have you your lessons all perfect to-day?

LIZZY.—Perfect, indeed! I might study for weeks, and I could never arrive at that. I have been all the morning at these nouns, pronouns, participles and adverbs, and my lesson is not any clearer to me than when I commenced.

ANNA.—Probably you don't understand it?

LIZZY.—I know I don't, altho' it is "Pinneo's Grammar Made Easy." Now it may seem *very easy* to him, but he wouldn't think so if some other man had written it, and he had to study it.

ANNA.—I have never found any difficulty understanding it, and *you* would not if you only had more *patience*.

LIZZY.—Patience! don't you call it *patience* to rise at five every morning, and study an hour *before* as well as *after* breakfast. The truth is, Anna, I do think it is the dryest study in the world, and I don't believe half of the girls understand it any better than I do.

ANNA.—It would seem not, to hear how improperly some of them speak. Did you hear Becky Brown say this morning, "the teacher has not saw the letter I wrote home."

LIZZY.—Oh, yes! that is generally the way she speaks, and there is not a girl in school that has her lessons in grammar better. But did you ever notice, Anna, how much more easy it is for some girls to learn than others?

ANNA.—Yes; there is my sister, that never

looks in a book, and she is *always* above me in the class.

LIZZY.—How is that?

ANNA.—She says she hears me studying my lessons, as I always do, out loud, and in that way learns hers.

Enter LAURA.—Girls, did you hear our teacher was going to leave us in about two weeks?

Both exclaim.—You don't say so. I'm so sorry.

LAURA.—Yes, they say she is going to be married to that long face, ministerial looking man that comes here so often.

ANNA.—Why I thought he was a city colporteur, but the secret is all out now.

LIZZY.—And *I* thought he was a school director, because he seemed to take so much interest in us. Do you remember how he patted me on the head, one day, and asked me if I loved my teacher?

LAURA.—Oh, yes; why didn't you put the same question to him, and tell him you would have him sent home to *learn his lesson*, if he didn't answer more promptly.

LIZZY.—How sorry I am we are going to

lose her. She was so kind, and so affectionate, and when I became disheartened with my lessons, she would always cheer me with words of encouragement and kindness.

ANNA.—I know we will never have one we all loved so much. She always smiled so sweetly when she said good morning, as she passed into school. Last summer, when the roses where in bloom, Lizzy and I tried to see who could arrange the prettiest boquet for her desk.

LAURA.—I don't believe he knows what a nice wife he is going to get, or he would certainly look happier. Did you ever see a man with such a long face?

LIZZY.—Oh, that is natural to him. Pleasant, good natured women, almost always get grave looking men, like him.

ANNA.—She can make him smile, if there is any sunshine in his heart, and there *must be* in the little spot where *she* dwells. Let us all join together, and get her something pretty, for a parting gift.

LAURA.—I'm so glad you thought of it, Anna. I know we can do it, and the girls will aid us so

willingly. Come, let us go now and see what they think of it, and we will commence our good work to-morrow.



COUSINS.

LIZZY.—Who gave you that nice ripe apple, Stanley?

STANLEY.—Grandmother gave it to me. She was paring some for dinner, and told me not to let the rest of you see it, or she would have none left for apple-sauce.

LIZZY.—She always says, whenever *one* gets any thing, the rest come in like a flock of sheep to get some too. I'll never forget a nice large one she gave me one day, and because I disobeyed her, and showed it to the rest, she called me in, and divided it between us.

STAN.—It must have tasted good, for they say, the less we get of any thing, the better we like it.

LIZZY.—Except whippings, and I'm sure I

never could like them, altho' I don't get very many.

STAN.—Neither do I; but you ought to hear De Witt: he commences screaming the minute he sees the rod, and mamma lets him off with as little as possible, for fear he rouses the neighborhood.

LIZZY.—Did you hear him hallooing the other day, because I bit his finger, in taking a bite of his apple?

STAN.—Oh, yes! but I knew his finger didn't hurt him half as much as the big bite you took.

LIZZY.—I thought so too, for he was examining his apple far more closely than his finger, and muttering something about almost half of it being gone.

STAN.—He is very kind when we don't impose on him, but who can help taking as much as they can get of any thing good?

LIZZY.—I know I can't, for yesterday I got at mamma's pound-cake, and only left enough for manners.

STAN.—I think your manners would have been much better, if you had not touched it at all.

LIZZY.—I suppose they would, but I couldn't help it, for every thing *good* is kept for company.

STAN.—Or until it gets so stale, that it is only fit for children. Did you hear about uncle George asking grandmother what was the matter with some preserves they had on the table one evening for tea?

LIZZY.—Yes, and how she laughed when he told her it was because she hardly ever gave them any thing so good without there was something the matter with it.

STAN.—He must have been making fun, for I never saw as good things any place as we get there.

LIZZY.—Is that the reason you come up every summer?

STAN.—Of course not; it is because we all like grandfather and grandmother so much; they are so kind to us, and don't scold any.

LIZZY.—Yes they do, on rainy days, when we are all in the house. Grandfather says we are enough to put him crazy, and if we don't make less noise, he will send us all home.

STAN.—But he never does; for if we are quiet

a little while, he gets as good-natured as ever ; and when grandmother comes in, she is sure to tell us some pretty stories.

LIZZY.—Do you remember the day she told us about the “Babes in the Wood,” and the dear little kittens that fell into the dinner-pot ?

STAN.—Yes, indeed ; for I felt so sorry I could not keep from crying, and she put her hands up to her eyes, and pretended to cry too.

LIZZY.—But you didn’t cry half as hard as DeWitt. Grandmother took him on her knee, and said he was a good boy, because he was so tender-hearted.

STAN.—Oh, I had almost forgotten that grandfather sent me to look for his hammer, which he says some of the children have lost.

LIZZY.—Well, you had better hurry back, or he will *hammer* you for staying so long.

STAN.—Come, help me hunt it, Lizzy, for you know two can find any thing so much better than one ; and it was all *your* fault that I stopped to talk so long.

BOYS' OCCUPATIONS.

JOHN.—I have been thinking for two or three days what I would do, when I'm a man, to make a living.

FRANK.—You are troubling yourself very young about *that* ; it is only a little while since you got your first pair of boots.

JOHN.—*Boots* don't make men, any more than *hats*, only they feel a little bigger.

FRANK.—I never felt any bigger since I put on my first pair, but may be it was because they were my brother's old ones ; but come, tell me, John, what *you* are going to do ?

JOHN.—Drive an express wagon. I know a boy that makes from fifty cents to one dollar a day, and then he gets all the rides he wants for nothing.

FRANK.—*A dollar a day*, did you say, John ? that makes three hundred and sixty-five dollars in a year. What in all the world would you do with so much money ?

JOHN.—Well, I don't know ; that would trouble

me more than any thing else. But you can always find somebody to help you *keep it*.

FRANK.—I suppose so, for once I got a boy to help me keep fifteen cents, and he kept it so well, I never saw it afterwards.

JOHN.—But you have not told me, Frank, what *you* are going to do.

FRANK.—Sometimes I think I will either be a *doctor* or a *shoemaker*.

JOHN.—I wouldn't be a doctor for any thing, mending broken limbs, and always killing or curing somebody. I would far rather mend or make shoes.

FRANK.—I believe I would too ; for if you don't want to work yourself, you can always hire somebody to help you, and a doctor can't do that.

JOHN.—Don't you have to pay the men that work for you ?

FRANK.—Of course I have ; but I can always make enough of money to do that.

JOHN.—You had better sell *for cash* then, or you will not have much *change* in your drawer.

FRANK.—I intend doing that, for then a man always knows how much he has got.

JOHN.—Well, I hope you will always have plenty, so that you can help me when I get “hard up.”

FRANK.—I always will, John; and if I ever get in a “tight place,” I know *you* will do the same.



ON AGE.

CASSIE.—Did you ever notice how much respect Mary Sanford pays to the aged? She says she always had a reverence for gray hairs.

LETTY.—So have I, but it makes a great deal of difference to whom they belong. Now, there is my dear old grandmother, whose silvery locks are to me more beautiful than any thing else, and when I look at them now, I cannot believe they were ever as dark as mother's.

CASSIE.—I often wonder how people feel when they see their “first gray hair.”

LETTY.—I guess they feel very much like taking it out; for there is Uncle Will, that makes

way with every one that shows itself among his black locks ; he says they are perfect *tell-tales*.

CASSIE.—Tell-tales or not, they are some of the natural beauties that only add charms to age.

LETTY.—And for that very reason he don't want to be classed with those that have such "crowns of honor," for he says there is nothing about his appearance that will betray his age but them.

CASSIE.—It don't always follow that a person is old who is gray ; sometimes it is the result of trouble or disappointment.

LETTY.—I have no doubt it is disappointment with him, altho', like most of the gentlemen, he will not acknowledge it.

CASSIE.—Oh, no ; they wouldn't for the world have anybody think they were ever disappointed. It is always to be understood that a gentleman can get whom he pleases.

LETTY.—But they find they are mistaken, sometimes.

CASSIE.—Yes, but they only attribute that to a want of taste in the ladies, whom they think will

be sorry some day they have missed such a fine opportunity.

LETTY.—It is well there is such a diversity of taste, for I wouldn't for anything somebody would say *yes* to Uncle Will, and take him away.

CASSIE.—Why take him away, he would probably bring his wife home.

LETTY.—Oh dear ! I would'nt like that either, for there would be no more room on his knee for any of us, and *less room* in his heart.

CASSIE.—You are mistaken, Letty ; love only *enlarges* the heart.

LETTY.—Uncle's is large enough now. He is the happiest man you ever saw. When he comes home in the evening, there is always a quarrel among the children, who shall get on his knee first ; and when Christmas comes, you would think he was Old Santa Claus himself, he has so many presents for us all.

CASSIE.—No wonder you love him so much ; but he will probably try and find out if he can't get somebody to love him more.

LETTY.—Isn't it better to have the love of *all* of us, than one person ?

CASSIE.—It depends very much upon who that person may be. If it is that sweet young lady I saw him with the other day, he cannot help being happy.

LETTY.—I suppose you mean Lilly Lyle. We tell him she is young enough to be his daughter, but he says he will not object to *her age*, if she does not to his.

CASSIE.—Don't trouble yourself any more about it, Letty, for if he gets Lilly, you will have *two* to love you instead of one.



LOVE OF PARENTS.

LAWRENCE.—Whom do you think you love most, Charley, your father or your mother?

CHARLEY.—Indeed, I never could tell, for as a child I always said *both*, so do I say now.

LAWRENCE.—Well, that is not the way with me, for altho' I have the highest respect for my father, there has always been in my breast a more *tender feeling* for my mother.

CHARLEY.—Probably she has been more indulgent to you than your father, and like many mothers, too ready to forgive your faults.

LAWRENCE.—No it is not owing to that, but to the unceasing care and watchfulness, that she has always exercised over me since my earliest recollection. When father would sleep so soundly, worn out with the cares of the day, her ear was ever ready to catch our slightest calls, and minister so cheerfully to our childish wants.

CHARLEY.—My mother is not so, but I suppose it is owing to her delicate state of health. Altho' she loves us all as dearly as a mother could, she is often very impatient with us.

LAWRENCE.—When I am sick, I think there is no hand can soothe my pain, and dispel my fears like my mothers. I have the most entire faith in *her word*, which I suppose *cures* me about as often as her medicine. Many a good whipping has she saved me, by her kind intercessions with my father.

CHARLEY.—So has mine. I remember once of being sent out for a rod, and after examining half a dozen or more, before I could get one to suit,

I brought in a slender little stick and handed it to father, which excited the laughter of mother so much, she plead earnestly for my forgiveness.

LAWRENCE.—Going out to hunt your own rod is about the meanest business a boy was ever engaged in, and yet I have done it often, amid the suppressed smiles of my brothers and sisters.

CHARLEY.—Who were always waiting outside to inquire *very kindly*, after it was all over, if it hurt you, and see if you had cried.

LAWRENCE.—I used to watch very closely to see whether any of them laughed at me, and ran back very eagerly, to see if I couldn't get them whipped also.

CHARLEY.—I shall never forget an attempt to get one of my brothers a whipping, at whom I was angry, and told a falsehood to accomplish my purpose.

LAWRENCE.—And did you succeed?

CHARLEY.—No, I was found out, and had to admit the truth; but as mother talked to me with tears in her eyes, and expressed the grief which I saw she felt, I was melted with compassion, and plead for forgiveness.

LAWRENCE.—Oh, Charley, it is our *mother's tears* that wash away many a sin from our young hearts, that an *unkind word* would nurture into growth.

CHARLEY.—Yes, they have left a recollection that years can never efface, for it is their love for us that makes them flow, and children tho' we be, we know how deep is the source from whence they come, and *that* is the reason we feel a greater tenderness for one parent than another.

LAWRENCE.—Well, I acknowledge I do, but at the same time father is so much of a companion, so much of a friend, and seems to participate so feelingly in all our wants, that I ought not to feel any preference.

CHARLEY.—The *preference* often all amounts to nothing. It is only a *mere tenderness*. The very same a father feels towards his daughters, rather than his sons. But as our hearts are wide enough for both, they can always claim equal share in our affections.

A COLLOQUY.

BILL.—Fine day this, John? glorious wind for flying kites?

JOHN.—Yes, Bill; but where is your kite?

BILL.—Up in that tree. Do you see that red and blue paper? I hate those trees. I never had a kite in my life that did not lodge on the highest limb.

JOHN.—Neither had I; but I can climb first-rate, and will try to get it; never fell off a tree but *twice*, and have been up half a dozen.

BILL.—Do you call that good climbing. Why I never fell off in my life.

JOHN.—Yes; because you were always afraid to climb higher than your head. I remember one time some boy threw your cap up, and because it lodged on the iron gate post, I had to get it for you.

BILL.—We will not talk about that *now*. Here comes Fred, let us hear what he has to say.

FRED.—Do you know it is almost one o'clock, and time for school?

JOHN.—Time for school! whoever thinks of books, pen, ink and paper, when half the boys in town are flying kites?

BILL.—Why I saw one the other day that rose as high as the steeple of our church, and everybody stopped to look at it, as they passed along.

FRED.—That was Bill Martin's. He was on the top of a house, and gave it full string, just as a fine gale of wind swept by.

JOHN.—I have half a mind to play hookey to-day, for I am very tired of school.

BILL.—So am I; I hate the sight of a book.

FRED.—Oh no, boys, come along; may be if you do, you'll be sorry, and then your father or mother may hear it.

JOHN.—I'm not afraid. There is Tom, and Bob, and Frank, that play hookey every week, and their parents have never heard of it yet.

BILL.—Well, their teacher did, for he called them all up in school the other day, and made them tell where they had been, and they promised never to do so again.

FRED.—I always liked my teacher, and would

not do anything to make him angry at me, so *I* will go in, for *some* of the boys give him so much trouble.

JOHN.—Oh dear! you talk like an old *curate*; but stay, we have half an hour yet, let us have a turn at marbles. Mother says she is tired patching the knees of my pants, but who cares? Come along, I have my pockets full of crystals and commies. [*Rattles them.*]

BILL.—Oh no, I don't care a fig for playing marbles. Let us go down here to the depot; they say there is going to be a great show on that vacant lot.

FRED.—I believe I saw the canvas spread out this morning. But we will have plenty of time after school, you know it lets out at four.

JOHN.—Fred, do you know the dullest boys in school are the very ones that study most, and keep such good hours?

BILL.—Take me for example. I am always at the foot of the class, and I don't believe there is a boy studies more.

FRED.—You must be thinking about something else, when you are looking on your book.

BILL.—Of course I am ; there are fifty things pass thro' my mind in a minute, but one would suppose *something* on a page you had gone over a half dozen times, could be remembered.

JOHN.—I can see very plainly you don't know how to study, Bill. Just bring your book round some evening, and I will show you.

FRED.—Do come, boys, it is almost two o'clock, and I am ashamed to go so late.

BILL.—Come along, John. Fred is right about playing hookey. I know half a dozen boys that have been sent to the House of Refuge, who began in that way, and much as I dislike school, I dislike *that place* a great deal more.



DAILY ANNOYANCES.

WILL.—[*Quite dejected.*].—Every thing seems to go wrong. I got a whipping the first thing this morning, and suppose I'll get another for spilling that milk.

TOM.—What milk ?

WILL.—They sent me to the grocery for a quart, and coming home I stopped by the way to have a turn at marbles, when some blundering fellow upset it, and broke my pitcher.

TOM.—Where did you leave it?

WILL.—Right beside me, where I could take care of it.

TOM.—You'll be more careful next time, and not stop by the way. Did you ever notice, Will, how some days, every thing seems to go wrong.

WILL.—Yes, and when I try to do the best I can, I am sure to do the worst; but I guess it is all owing to the way we feel.

TOM.—I think so too, for I notice when I feel cross, every other person seems so, and only this morning I kicked up a fuss with Bridget, because she wouldn't give me a piece when I wanted it.

WILL.—They seem to forget how good bread and butter tastes to boys that are hungry.

TOM.—I sometimes tell Bridget she will make a good step-mother (for there is an old widower comes to see her), which pleases her so much, she always gives me the loaf to help myself.

WILL.—There is nothing like getting on the *right side of the girls*; but somehow or other I never could do it.

TOM.—May be you'll understand it better when you get older. But come, Will, I want you to go down to the pond with me this morning, to sail my new boat.

WILL.—I cannot go now, and I suppose when I go home there will be fifty things to do as there always is on Saturday.

TOM.—Then it is not play day with you?

WILL.—No, indeed; I run errands all the morning, and when I am washed and dressed in the afternoon, its “try and keep yourself clean,” which means, “don't go out and play with the dirty boys on the street.”

TOM.—I don't like boys that are always afraid of dirt, for I never saw one of much account yet.

WILL.—Nor I either; but I am almost sick of the sight of soap and water. Its wash, wash, wash, half a dozen times a day; and somehow or other, I never look any cleaner than the other boys.

TOM.—No, if anything, you don't generally look as clean, but to-day your face shines like a mirror.

WILL.—No wonder; I washed it three times before I got it to suit mother, and then she said the lights and shadows could easily be seen about my ears and neck. But I must go, and if I can get off, I will be down at the pond in half an hour.

TOM.—Bring your penknife, and some of those new shingles with you, so that we can fix our boat if it gets out of repair.

WILL.—I will, and if I'm not there pretty soon, come back and coax mother to let me go.



MAY DAY.

ALICE.—[*Alone.*—] I thought Florie had come; she promised to bring me some leaves and flowers to make a wreath.

Enter FLORIE, idly swinging her hat in her hand.

ALICE.—Where are the leaves and flowers?

FLORIE.—I forgot them, sister ; but it was all Kitty Glen's and Sally Stewart's fault.

ALICE.—How was it their fault ?

FLORIE.—They began telling me what they were going to wear to-morrow, and how much fun they expected to have, and I forgot entirely what you sent me for.

ALICE.—Will they be dressed very nicely ?

FLORIE.—Yes, they are going to wear white, with blue sashes, and gipsey hats trimmed with wreaths ; but you don't like artificial flowers, Alice.

ALICE.—Like them ! Who does, when we can get so many beautiful things from nature ? Why, I would rather have nothing but the oak and maple leaves to form a wreath, than the rarest flowers that art could furnish.

FLORIE.—Do you remember the beautiful one I made of the white and red clover-blossoms last year, as a gift for our May Queen ?

ALICE.—Yes, indeed ; and well do I remember the praise bestowed upon your humble offering, which was *so fragrant* with the freshness of field and meadow.

FLORIE.—Whom do you think will be our May Queen, Alice?

ALICE.—I do not know, unless it is Laura Lindsly; she is so good and beautiful, that every one would bring her a voluntary offering of fruits and flowers.

Enter KITTY and SALLIE.

KITTY.—Are you talking about May-day, Alice? Sallie and I can think of nothing else. I have counted the days and hours, and it seems as tho' it would never come.

FLORIE.—It comes to-morrow.

SALLIE.—But even to-morrow seems a long way off. I dreamed last night that I was all ready, waiting at the gate for the girls to call for me, when it commenced raining, and I awoke myself crying.

ALICE.—Oh, dear! what if it should rain?

KITTY.—There would be almost as many drops of tears as of rain.

ALICE.—But sunshine would dry them both.

FLORIE.—To-morrow will be bright, I know, I will get Ma to “wake me early,” for I am going to buy me a little tin-cup to drink out of.

SALLIE.—There is a beautiful water-fall near our play-grounds, and away down among the birch and beech-wood trees is a place for fishing. I caught a dear little minnie on a pin-hook last Fall, and brought it home alive in my little bucket.

KITTY.—Oh, that sweet place! How well I remember the snowy table-cloth we spread under the shade of the trees, into which we emptied the contents of our baskets.

ALICE.—I never grow weary hunting wild flowers and rare pebbles along that little stream.

FLORIE.—Neither do I, until I get hungry, and bread and butter never tastes as good any place as it does in the woods.

SALLIE.—That's true, Florie; but I didn't think any person thought so but me. Have you a little basket of your own?

FLORIE.—No, but I'll run and see if Kitty Carr will loan me hers; it is so pretty, and I'll take such good care of it. [*Goes out.*]

KITTY.—Brother John told me they were going to take out a large rope for a swing.

ALICE.—Of all swings, there are none I love

half as well as the natural ones formed by the grape vines in the woods ; and I think there is one in that large grove of oaks.

SALLIE.—I do wish we could have pic-nics often. I long so to be a bird, and fly away off to some cool, shady place in the country.

KITTY.—Well, see that, like a bird, you are up bright and early to-morrow morning, for eight o'clock is the hour appointed for our leaving, and we must be there punctually.

ALICE.—If it don't rain.

SALLIE.—Don't say rain, for fear my dream comes true. I know I shall awake often in the night, and listen for the pattering of the big drops on the roof, and only be satisfied when I find the stars twinkling, as if in very glee, at my childish fears.

ALICE.—It won't rain, Sallie ; sleep soundly, and the first day of May will find many glad hearts among our school girls.

KITTY.—You are not a prophetess, Alice, but I hope you have guessed aright. At any rate, we will see ; so good-bye until to-morrow. Sallie and I will call for you early.

BAD HABITS.

CHARLEY.—I hear you have taken to smoking, Harry, is it true?

HARRY.—Not a word of it true. I took half a dozen whiffs of Joe Jackson's cigar, and I paid dearly for it. I was sick the whole night.

CHARLEY.—What a contemptible practice it is. Some boys think it looks so manly to go along the streets puffing a cigar, when if they only knew, every person is laughing at them.

HARRY.—I am ashamed to be seen with Joe in the streets. Altho' he is the son of a rich man, he will never be a true gentleman.

CHARLEY.—No, never, while he is given to such bad habits. I heard him boasting the other day that he had smoked seven cigars, and then added, with quite an air, "real, genuine Havana, boys, five cents a piece, and no mistake."

HARRY.—He chews too, for I never see him that he don't offer me a cut.

CHARLEY.—Why offer you some? I didn't know you ever used it.

HARRY.—It don't follow that a boy uses it be-

cause another happens to offer it to him. [*Takes out his handkerchief, and a piece happens to fall on the floor. CHARLEY picks it up.*]

CHARLEY.—No, this don't look like using it, but how happened it in your pocket? You must have put on somebody's pants in mistake.

HARRY.—No, Charley, they are mine, and to tell you the truth, I am heartily ashamed of myself, for only this morning I resolved never to touch it again.

CHARLEY.—And broke your promise?

HARRY.—No, *nor will not*; it was made to my mother, and I never break a promise to her.

CHARLEY.—Then why do you carry it?

HARRY.—To let the boys see I have it. They called me coward, and said I was afraid to chew.

CHARLEY.—Let them call you what they please. A boy is never a coward that obeys his parents [*throws it away*], and tell them I said so. Joe Jackson will ruin half the boys in school. I heard him say the other day, Andy Burt was so green, he didn't know how to swear.

HARRY.—No person can say that of him for

he is as good at it as an old sailor, and thinks an oath a necessary affirmation of truth.

CHARLEY.—Poor fellow ; with all his faults he has a good kind heart, and that is the reason he has so much influence over the boys.

HARRY.—Yes, he would listen for an hour to some poor woman's story, and give her the last cent he had. I saw him take a ragged child home, the other day, that had lost its way, and you know, Charley, we cannot but admire these good traits in his character.

CHARLEY.—True, but at the same time we must not overlook the bad ones, but try and correct them *in him* by not imitating them ourselves.



ON KITES.

BILL.—How much money have you got, Bob ?

BOB.—Five cents. Why do you wish to know ?

BILL.—Why Jack Morton wants me to go into partnership with him in the kite business, and I thought you would like to join us.

BOB.—So I would ; I can make as good a kite as any boy in town ; have lots of rags for tails, and a tin cup full of paste, to commence business any day.

BILL.—That's first rate, for I havn't got any money myself, but plenty of paper to make half a dozen.

BOB.—Where is Jack? I would like to see him.

BILL.—Here he comes. Jack, Bob Miller says he has five cents, and will join us in making kites.

JACK.—That is good news. Five and four make nine. We'll double our money in three days.

BILL.—What did your aunt say about letting us have her front room, up stairs, for a show window.

JACK.—She just laughed, and said it was a wonder I did not want the front parlor. I told her I did, but I thought she wouldn't like to have it turned into a store.

BILL.—She was only teasing you. I wouldn't ask her anything more about it.

BOB.—Neither would I. I can get either our cellar or attic; but one is too high and the other too low.

JACK.—There is no use trying to get a store; let us sell them on the street, after school is out in the evening.

BILL.—You both know John Wiley, don't you?

Both reply.—Yes.

BILL.—Well, he went over to a store that had “to let” on it, the other day, and told them he wanted to rent it, to carry on the kite business.

BOB.—What did the man say?

BILL.—He told him to go about his business, or he would send him *kiting* in the air.

JACK.—Poor John! he'll never forget the first time he tried to rent a place of business. But he thinks he is about as *much of a man*, as any boy I ever saw.

BOB.—Oh yes; he told me the other day he was far bigger than I, and you both know I am half an inch taller.

BILL.—May be you are, but I think he has a much larger foot than you.

BOB.—Larger foot did you say? [*Sticking it*

out.] Where will you find a *bigger foot* than that on a boy of thirteen.

JACK.—I don't know where, unless it is *your other one*. But come, boys, let us go to work on our kites, or the season will be over, and our fine chances of making money gone for ever.



GHOST STORIES.

ALF. [*Alone.*]—I thought I heard something just now. [*Looks around.*]

Enter DICK.—So you did ; it was me. What is the matter, Alf.? You are as pale as a ghost.

ALF.—[*Frightened.*]—Ghost did you say?—Where?

DICK.—I did not say there was a ghost anywhere, only that you were as white as one.

ALF.—[*Drawing a long breath.*]—Oh, dear ! I'm trembling all over. Those boys got me down with them into the cellar, which they made as dark as night, and then commenced telling ghost stories.

DICK.—And did you believe them?

ALF.—Of course not; but just about the time my hair began to stand right up, and my eyes got double their size, that villain of a Tom Poole jumped out of an old barrel, with a white sheet around him, and frightened the wits fairly out of me.

DICK.—When did all that happen?

ALF.—Just now; I got out somehow, screaming murder at the top of my voice, and made my way here as fast as possible. I know I acted foolishly, but upon my word I couldn't help it.

DICK.—You are very much like the Irishman, that didn't believe in ghosts until he saw them. What a good laugh the boys will have at you!

ALF.—Let them laugh; there were some as badly frightened as I was. Jack Cady caught my coat-tail just as I was leaving, and he was so pale I thought he was the ghost itself. This is the second time they have frightened me in that way.

DICK.—Why do you go then?

ALF.—I don't know, unless it is that I have always been so fond of hearing stories of any

kind, particularly of ghosts or witches, and they are sure to come after me when they want to have some fun. Did they never frighten you, Dick?

DICK.—Yes, once; but it was with one of those hideous false-faces that Jack Hyde put on, and I, thinking it was the Old Boy himself that was after me, ran as fast as any sinner would.

Enter FRED.—How do you feel now, Alf.? I thought the ghost had you for certain.

ALF.—Feel! Indeed, I never was more frightened in my life; but you will never catch me in such a fix again.

FRED.—I like to hear you talk, Alf.; but I wouldn't be afraid to bet, that before five hours we could scare you worse than ever. I came to see if Dick and you would go along with us this afternoon to get apples.

(Both reply.)—To the country?

FRED.—Yes, to that large orchard of old Seitzer's, about two miles out; he is almost always asleep in the afternoons, and we can get what we like.

DICK.—If he is asleep, the old dog is wide

awake, and I am about as much afraid of cross dogs as Alf. is of ghosts.

ALF.—I should be too if I had been chased by them as often as you have. I'll never forget the time you made your escape from the orchard, and left your coat, shoes, and stockings all under the tree.

FRED.—Didn't you get them, Dick?

DICK.—Yes; but not until I got a good shaking from old George, followed by the words, "the dieb! the dieb!" as well as a long lecture in Dutch, not one word of which I understood.

FRED.—I never was afraid of him; he is so old he can hardly walk, and his old woman (as he calls her) and dog are not much better.

ALF.—What will we take to carry them in?

FRED.—Our carpet sacks, pockets, and pocket-handkerchiefs.

ALF.—You seem to think it no sin to steal from him, and I always thought you a downright honest fellow.

FRED.—Nor is it very much of a sin, for he is so close and mean he won't give one away, but will let them lie and decay upon the ground by

the bushel. I think he will have more to answer for than we will.

DICK.—The best way is, to ask him to sell us five cents' worth, and that is as much to him (for he is the greatest old miser in the country), as five dollars would be to some men.

ALF.—And do you think that would satisfy them all, viz., the dog, himself, and old woman?

FRED.—Oh, yes! I have tried that often with him; but as I happen to be broke this afternoon, I thought I would get my apples on credit.

DICK.—Stealing is a new name for credit. But come, boys, don't let us argue the point any further; if a little money will bring the old Dutchman over, we will get all we want, and more than we bargained for.



OLD BACHELORS.

Enter CARRIE and MARY.

CARRIE.—Of all persons in the world, I think an old bachelor the most amusing. You ought to see Uncle Dick; the way he fusses over himself every morning before he goes up town; I

do believe he tied his cravat half a dozen times to-day before he got the bow to suit him.

MARY.—I don't think he can be any more particular than *my Uncle*, for I have seen him work over his collars until my patience was worn out, insisting that one side was an eighth of an inch higher than the other.

CARRIE.—Oh, dear! I didn't think any one was as particular as Dick. I often tell him that nothing but an old maid will ever suit him.

MARY.—An old maid suit him! That would be the last person in the world I should choose for him; they have so many whims of their own, they haven't the patience to humor their husbands.

CARRIE.—It would take a great deal of humoring to please him, for kind and all as he is, if he should happen to find the buttons off his shirts, or tape off his drawers, his wife would soon get what the boys call "Home, Sweet Home."

MARY.—But if she should happen only *once* to forget them, what would he say?

CARRIE.—That it was *once too often*, and then ask her of whom she was thinking, that it could

not have been him, to neglect his comfort so much. I tell you, Mary, old maids are not half as deceptive as old bachelors.

MARY.—No, indeed ; if they were, they would not remain unmarried so long ; but the truth is, they are too plain and honest to please the gentlemen.

CARRIE.—And they say, the older men get, the younger they want their wives. Now, if I was a lawgiver, I would assign all the widows and old bachelors wives corresponding in age with themselves.

MARY.—Well, I'm sure they would be happier ; it is thought to be very romantic to court young misses, but when it comes to keeping house, give me the widows and elderly girls to live with.

CARRIE.—Why don't you preach that doctrine to your Uncle, and get him to adopt it ?

MARY.—I do ; but he laughs at my reasoning, and says, altho' it is very good, it don't suit *his particular case*, for he is just now of a proper age to take care of a young wife.

CARRIE.—Then, he thinks a man under forty

entirely too young to assume the responsibilities of a married life; he must have changed his mind on that subject, since he proposed to Miss Layton and was rejected, some eight or ten years since.

MARY.—Like all old bachelors, he wants to make the best of his misfortunes, and says now he is heartily glad she never accepted him, for he doesn't think she was ever intended for him.

CARRIE.—Quite consolatory, indeed! When did he get his eyes open? After she refused him, of course.

MARY.—No, not until after she had been married three or four years, and became so much of an invalid she was unable to leave her room. I tell you, Carrie, these old bachelors see a great deal of the world, but after all, they don't profit much by their experience.

CARRIE.—True enough, for of all classes of men, I have generally noticed they get the most ordinary wives, thinking, as they do, because their judgment is matured by *age*, they cannot fail in making a judicious choice. Uncle Dick says it would not make any difference *how per-*

fect his wife might be, we would always be trying to discover some fault in her.

MARY.—That is because he has always been so hard to please. But come, Carrie [*taking her hand*], we will be home too late for dinner, and I do not consider our subject interesting enough to detain us longer, altho' *our worthy Uncles* have been the theme.



COUSINLY AFFECTION.

LULU is seated at a little table reading. Enter DINAH, the black servant.

DINAH.—Look here, Miss Lu., at the purty flowers your cousin gib me just now for you, while I was sweeping off de front pavement.

LULU.—[*Taking them.*]—Did Aunt Harriet see him?

DINAH.—No, she was out in de kitchen, showing mammy how to make some new kind ob cake.

LULU.—How glad I am. You know, Dinah,

she thinks cousins are very dangerous relations.

DINAH.—I tink so too when dey have such nice black eyes, and nice ways ; and then he looked kind o' wise, as much as to say, "you understand, Dinah."

LULU.—How foolish to talk so ; he is only seventeen, and likes his books much better than me.

DINAH.—Only seventeen ; why, Miss Lu., dat is just de age when boys like any ting better dan dar books. I tink I hear somebody coming, I must go to my sweeping. [*Goes.*]

Enter HELEN with her bonnet on. LULU meets her.

LULU.—Good morning, Helen. I did not expect you so early ; I have just finished my morning's work, and was reading a little in Moore's "Lallah Rookh."

HELEN.—Bad symptoms, Lulu, to be indulging in poetry so early in the morning. Were you musing over being so unfortunate as to "never have a dear Gazelle, to glad you with its soft black eye?"

LULU.—Not quite, Helen, but I could not help

thinking, while I read, what a trial it was to be placed under the charge of such a *matchless* old maid as Aunt Harriet. To be sure she is kind enough, but her watchfulness never ceases.

HELEN.—Then she fully supplies a mother's place.

LULU.—Never! Oh, never! I could have gone to mother and unfolded my most hidden thoughts; told her all my little joys and sorrows, and received the kind pressure of her warm hand, and the "God bless you, my child," that was worth far more to me, than all of aunts' chidings, and worldly experiences.

HELEN.—Has she had many trials in life?

LULU.—Yes, enough to overshadow all the future, but, like a good Christian, she bears her sorrows humbly and uncomplainingly. She does not, however, seem to understand me, and I know my light and capricious manner grieves her, but it is hard to check every ebullition of youthful feelings.

Enter DINAH.—Law! Miss Lu., I forgot to gib you dis little note, that came wid de flowers, dis morning. [*Takes it from her bosom.*] It

smells as sweet as if it come from a 'pothecary's shop.

LULU.—How forgetful ; it may require an answer. [*Glancing at its contents.*]

DINAH.—Can't wait for one now, Miss Lu., for de knives need cleaning, and de Britannia a good scrubbing. [*Goes out.*]

HELEN.—Pardon my curiosity, but come tell me all about this beautiful boquet, that has just invested itself with fresh interest.

LULU.—[*Handing her the note.*].—That will explain all.

HELEN.—[*Reads aloud.*].—"Dear Cousin : I send you some fresh flowers, may their fragrance and beauty cheer your little room, and speak kindly to your heart, of
COUSIN HARRY."

HELEN.—Cousin Harry. Dear me ! when did he cultivate such a taste for flowers. It is not six months since he told me he did not know a Dandelion from a Dahlia.

LULU.—It is very doubtful whether he is much wiser now, but his ignorance don't detract any from the beauty of the offering.

HELEN.—Of course not, for flowers have their

own language, construe them as we will. Does your aunt approve of these silent messengers of cousinly affection?

LULU.—Of course not; altho' she is not aware I received them, and she seldom comes to my room, so that it is not probable she will know it.

HELEN.—I don't see any impropriety in his sending, or you receiving them; altho' she may have more *foresight* in the matter than either of us.

LULU.—Yes, it would be a good text for another of her *lessons of experience*, showing how easily the first error made up the sum of greater ones in life. But I must go and put on my shawl and bonnet, to go out with you, or the whole morning will have passed before we know it.

Both go out, and AUNT H. comes in at another door.

Aunt H.—I wonder where the girl has gone, she is not up stairs or down, and I wanted her to darn this collar, and hem this handkerchief. Perhaps this note will explain all. [*Takes it from the table and reads.*] Well, well, there is no use trying to inculcate *lessons of experience learned by others*. "May they speak kindly to

your heart, of Cousin Harry." That last line has the sting of Cupid's arrow in it. I wonder if it has penetrated her heart. The little scamp! only seventeen; just think of it. I hate precocious youths. I *will* tell his mother; no doubt he has taken the money to buy those flowers, she had given him for something else.

Enter DINAH.—Law Missus! you ought to see my Britannia, it is as bright as a new half dollar.

AUNT H.—Come here, Dinah. Do you know anything about this note, and these flowers?

DINAH.—Yes, something; Miss Lu.'s cousin gib them to me this morning for her.

AUNT H.—Did he leave any messages with you, besides.

DINAH.—No; he just looked wise, and walked on like as if he was a gentleman.

AUNT H.—Foolish boy. How provoking. I *will* tell his mother. Where is Miss Lu.? I have been in every room in the house, and cannot find her.

DINAH.—She went out a few minutes ago wid a young lady, and said if you 'quired for her, to say she would not be gone berry long.

AUNT H.—I will have a good lecture for her when she comes back. Dinah, are these the first flowers he has ever sent her?

DINAH.—Can't say, Missus, but tink dey are mighty purty anyhow. [*Looks at them, and while doing so AUNT H. leaves the room. DINAH looks round and shrugs her shoulders.*].—Poor Miss Lu.! won't she git it when she comes back, and wish she nebber had flowers, or cousin neder. I know she'll cry, and dear old Missus will forgive her until de next time. I'll go and watch for her coming.



SCENE IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

Servant arranging books.

DOCTOR B.—[*Comes in quite hurriedly.*].—Any messages since I left?

DICK.—Yes, several, and all want you immediately.

DOCTOR.—Of course; never saw it otherwise. Bring me the slate. [*Looks over the names.*] Tim O'Conner, Jake Myers, and Mrs. Waller. I'll go

and see Mrs. Waller first; she is a nice little widow, always imagines there is something the matter with her, and I never saw a more healthy woman in my life.

DICK.—O'Conner's case I think is the worst; he said his wife could hardly speak.

DOCTOR.—She must be very low when she becomes speechless, for Tim knows, to his sorrow, what use she has of language when she is well. The rascal owes me fifteen dollars now, and I see no prospect of collecting it.

DICK.—And Myers.

DOCTOR.—First rate pay, but rarely ever sick; thinks if he loses a day in bed, it is the greatest misfortune that could befall him. Make up a few of those sugar-coated pills, Dick [*handing him some empty boxes*], and have them ready when I come back. [*Goes out.*]

DICK.—“Sugar-coated pills.” I'm tired seeing them. Some I know are for the widow, but I guess she *sugars him* in return, altho' she don't give it in the shape of a pill.

Enter TIM O'CONNER, dressed as a laboring Irishman.

TIM.—Bad luck to ye. Where is the doctor?

Didn't I lave word an hour ago, my wife was spaachless, and niver a sight have I seen of him since.

DICK.—He has just gone out, and will be at your house before he comes back.

TIM.—I have never had a moment's pace since I was here. She is crying "doctor, doctor," all the time, and the children, bless their little souls, keep running to the door every minute, to see if he is coming.

DICK.—Has she been sick long?

TIM.—Not at all, sir; we had a little difference this morning about who would dress the children, and just as she was getting out o' bed she took a crick in her back, and couldn't rise at all, at all.

DICK.—Oh, if that's all, take this liniment, pour it on a woolen cloth, and rub her well every fifteen minutes, until the doctor comes.

TIM.—Haden't you better send her some powders to take, for she says they always charm away the pain.

DICK.—Certainly, certainly, six of them won't hurt her any how. Give them every half hour, until she is better. [TIM goes out.]

DICK.—I wouldn't wonder if she was well when the doctor got there. My prescriptions always cure. I believe I will set up for myself some day. Wouldn't the old doctor stare to meet me in consultation?

Enter STRANGER.—Is the *doctor* in?

DICK.—No, sir, but expect him soon.

STRANGER.—This *pulsatilla* he gave me has not had the desired effect; but I thought it might be owing to my having given her *one pellet* more than he prescribed.

DICK.—[*Aside.*]—I'm puzzled now. What can he be talking about? It does act that way sometimes, and you must be more careful in future.

Enter DOCTOR.—Good day, sir. You wished to see me, sir?

STRANGER.—[*A little confused.*]—I must have mistaken the place. Are you Dr. Brown, the homeopathist?

DOCTOR.—[*Assuming unwonted dignity.*]—No, sir; I am Dr. Butler, the allopathist. Dr. Brown is two doors above me. Have you practiced on that system long, sir?

STRANGER.—Not very ; merely experimenting a little to try the virtue of it. So far, have succeeded very well, but have not yet tested it to my satisfaction.

DOCTOR.—They say it possesses wonderful powers when combined with allopathy ; but take away that, and, like a tottering child, it extends its hands for immediate help.

STRANGER.—It may be so, but I am willing at least to try it, for calomel, and salts, and senna have been my bane ; and if there is a little purgatory on earth, it is to be subjected to the old practice in its native purity.

DOCTOR.—Yes, there are errors, and great ones, in the old practice, but time and experience have modified them so much, they are almost entirely obliterated. Medicine, like every thing else, is very progressive.

STRANGER.—That is probably the reason we think there is some virtue in homeopathy.

DOCTOR.—Just so ; you will always find followers to every thing new ; but the most reliable patients we have are those who have tested it, and come back like the prodigal son.

STRANGER.—I may be one of those, but am willing, for the present, like other sheep, to go astray. Good morning, doctor; I will call and let you know the result of my experience. [*Goes.*]

DOCTOR.—Fudge on his experience. I hope I may never see him again, if he calls to assure me there is something in it. Have lost some of my best families now, and there is no knowing where it is going to end.

Enter DICK.—Two more patients have sent for you, and O'Conner was here while you were gone.

DOCTOR.—I called there, and found her improving rapidly under your treatment. By the way, Dick, I wish you would watch, and tell me if Mr. Hart's buggy stops at Dr. B.'s door while I am gone; I heard he had turned homeopathist. (Another of my patients!) What apes men make of themselves, following after such humbuggery! [*Goes out.*]

DICK.—[*Alone.*].—This homeopathy troubles him dreadfully. It is about as much as I can do to attend to our own door, without watching Dr.

B.'s. But I must obey orders. Hope the nice little widow will not turn homeopathist; but I guess there is no danger while there is a prospect of her becoming a partner in our business. I think I hear a buggy now. [*Goes out.*]



ON CONCEALMENT.

Enter LAURA, with a work-basket, containing fancy-colored ribbons; seats herself at a small table, and commences arranging bows, while she soliloquizes thus:

LAURA.—Wouldn't be much astonished if she should chance to come in and catch me, after all. She moves about so quietly, that I never hear her until it is too late to conceal my work. [*Starts unexpectedly, and rises. Enter COUSIN VAL.*—Oh, Vally! is it you? I thought it was grandma; and you know, with her quaint, old-fashioned notions, I am not allowed to indulge in these vanities, as she calls them. [*Holding up the ribbons.*]

VAL.—How beautiful they are! such a variety

of colors! Did you arrange this [*looking at one*], or is it the taste of some French milliner?

LAURA.—All my own; I have a perfect passion for bows (of *this kind*, I mean), and can form almost any style that my fancy may suggest.

VAL.—Are you doing it for mere pastime, or with a view to something of which you have not told me?

LAURA.—For nothing more than to adorn my plain and unpretending person at the party to-morrow night. You know I am titled the *Little Quakeress* every place I go, and for once I am going to appear in something else than *gray*.

VAL.—They will think you have renounced the old Plymouth faith, and are fast verging into modern follies. I suppose you will renounce your *thees* and *thous*?

Enter GRANDMA, in Quaker costume, with bonnet on. LAURA throws her handkerchief on her basket, and hides it behind the table.

GRANDMA.—Well, my children, thee don't seem to be very busy this morning, and as I am going down to spend the day with Abigail, I want

thee to look to the house, and see that Patty does her work well.

LAURA.—Never fear, Grandma, we will do so, and have a cup of tea and toast for you when you return. Let me fix your white handkerchief in better taste, for you know how soon Aunt Abigail sees every thing, and how particular she is about her own dress.

GRANDMA.—But Abigail is much younger than me, and almost as fond of dress as my little granddaughter here (*patting her on the cheek*), whose smooth young face hath no wrinkles, and her brow no marks of care.

VAL.—But you know, Grandma, we cannot always look so young, and I fancy *Quaker girls at sixteen* look more matronly than others at twenty-five.

GRANDMA.—They certainly do, my child; but how much longer they retain their youth, for they never use lily-white and rouge, and their fair complexions remain unchanged. But I must go, or Abigail may be tempted to go out this pretty day, and I shall find none to welcome me.
[*Goes out.*]

LAURA.—[*Gets out her basket, and resumes her work.*—I don't believe, Cousin Val., I would be half so fond of dress if Grandma was not continually warning me against it; she dreads it as much as some chronic disease. We can have a nice time now, among bows and ribbon, and not fear the intrusion of any of our old Quaker friends.

VAL.—But Patty and the house—

LAURA.—Will take care of themselves, as they have often done before. Come, sit down; I want to see how this ribbon becomes you [*arranges it in her hair*]; too much color, I think. This will look better.

VAL.—I think so too; and then it corresponds with your sash. [*Goes to her basket, and gets it also.*]

Enter PATTY.—[*Dressed as a servant, with a plate of cakes.*—Here is something nice; I baked them in just twenty minutes, and have four loaves in the oven, that will be as brown as Miss Laura's hair.

LAURA.—[*Eating one.*—They are very good, Patty; just leave them on my little table, and

Cousin Vally and I will attend to them by-and-by. Don't forget to have a plate of toast for Grandma's tea this evening, and a nice white cloth, to make every thing look more tempting; rub up the little silver-set until you can see a good-natured face in it, that will give you smile for smile.

PATTY.—I have, Miss Laura, and it looks like new. I am going to have my floor as white as milk, and my stove as black as ebony. You know I am as proud of my kitchen as you are of the parlor.

LAURA.—That's a good girl, Patty, and may be you will have both a kitchen and a parlor of your own some day.

PATTY.—(*Hangs her head very modestly.*)—And I will go and take tea with you; I thought I heard the bell just now. Say that Grandma is out, and will not return before evening. (PATTY goes out.)

VAL.—What a kind, good-natured girl she is! and so obliging, it is really a pleasure to see her happy face.

LAURA.—And so neat and tidy! But, come,

let me take that ribbon off your hair, for it is getting late, and I have to make bows to loop up my sleeves.

(*Enter GRANDMA.—Both look startled.*)

GRANDMA.—Well, my children, I did not stay as long as I thought. Abigail was out, and I called to see Lydia Moore, and our friend Hannah. What is that, Laura, that it seems thee does not wish me to see? (*Laura comes up very timidly, holding the ribbon.*) Some foolish finery, to take away the beauty from thy young face. Does Val. or thee think my plain white cap would look any better if it had bows of ribbon on it?

VAL.—Of course not, Grandma, for we have been so long accustomed to the little frill, that any thing else would look unbecoming.

GRANDMA.—So would it be to me to see either of you decked in bows of ribbon. It is not dress that wins the esteem of the wise, but becoming manners; and I know thee both will give heed to thy grandmother's counsels.

LAURA.—Of course we will, Grandma; but I am so tired of *silver gray*, that I thought a little ribbon would take away the sombre hue.

GRANDMA.—Nothing looks sombre where there is a cheerful, happy face to light it up; but if thee would like white, I have no objections to it.

LAURA.—I'm so glad; there is nothing I like better, and hereafter I shall ask you what I shall wear, and not act upon my own judgment without consulting your wishes.

GRANDMA.—That is right, my child; keep nothing from me, for the young need the counsels of the old to guide their footsteps in the rugged paths of life. Go tell Patty to get an early tea, for I am weary with my long walk, and need something to refresh me. You take my bonnet and shawl, Vally, and I will follow thee to my room. (*Both go out.*)



HOPE AND FEAR.

Enter crusty old bachelor, walking the floor very restlessly, and talking to himself.

BACH.—Got up with a headache this morning (and heartache too), slept very little all night, and dreamed of Adam and Eve, but awoke to

find myself in anything but Paradise. Women are perfect enigmas; never could understand them, and have known them for over forty years.

Enter NEPHEW.—Good morning, uncle; did you know the Atlantic Telegraph had been laid?

BACH.—Heard so last night, but didn't believe a word of it. [*Aside*.—I wish she was at the bottom of the Ocean with it.] Too great an enterprise; never will succeed; havn't much faith in anything [*low voice*], particularly women.

NEPHEW.—Yes, they say it is actually laid and the continuity is perfect.

BACH.—What do you know about continuity? It is preposterous to hear boys talk so.

NEPHEW.—Why, uncle, you seem ill natured this morning; has any thing gone wrong?

BACH.—Wrong enough; for when one gets up with the headache, it unfits him for duty all day. Come here, my boy; do you know where Lizzy Lee lives.

NEPHEW.—I think I ought to know, I have carried enough of messages to her from the Colonel.

BACH.—[*Startled.*]—The Colonel did you say? Has he been acquainted with her long?

NEPHEW.—Over three months.

BACH.—That tells the whole story; brass buttons and diamonds have won her. I wonder when women will learn to appreciate true merit.

NEPHEW.—He took her out on horseback, yesterday afternoon, and they looked like a king and queen.

BACH.—[*Aside.*]—The coquette! You would not have supposed she had ever rode with any one but me, to hear her talk of her rare privileges, last night. It is too provoking; I will not be duped any longer. [*Sits down and writes a few lines very hurriedly.*] Here, take this, and wait for an answer. [NEPHEW goes out.]

BACH. [*Soliloquizes, with his hands in his pockets, and looks very much dejected.*]—"Old fools," they say, "are the worst fools." There must be some truth in it, for who could have thought that little flirt could have thrown dust into my eyes. [*Rubbing them.*] I see clearer now, but the mist is not altogether gone. She asked me piquantly, last night, if I had received my *second sight*.

What an artless, winning way she has ; seems like a child in simplicity, but is a very sorceress in wisdom.

Enter MR. LEWIS.—Good day, my old friend. I called at your office, this morning, but finding you out, and knowing you to be a gentleman of leisure, I thought I would venture to call at your house, as I am in need of a little pecuniary assistance to-day.

BACH.—For what amount ?

MR. L.—Only five hundred ; give a good note payable in sixty days, with interest ; run no risk ; find it all right in the end.

BACH.—Currency is going up, and rates of discount much higher.

MR. L.—Am willing to pay the difference, but must be accommodated to-day.

BACH.—All right ; call at my office at 11, and you will find me there. Don't feel very well this morning ; am a little inclined to headache.

MR. L.—That is generally the result of loss of sleep, but as you have not any wife or children to intrude upon your quiet hours, I should think you would never be troubled with it.

BACH.—Not any wife or children, or not very likely to have any; they are articles we old bachelors can very easily dispense with.

MR. L.—But who is to be the sharer of your large fortune?

BACH.—Nephews, I suppose, and nieces; they can dispose of it as easily as any one, and the amount when equally divided will not burden any of them.

MR. L.—There is nothing, my good friend, like having a family to share your prosperity, particularly a wife. But I must go, for business is very brisk to-day. I'll see you in the course of an hour. [*Goes out.*]

BACH.—[*Alone.*].—He says there is nothing like having a wife. He must have a good one, but that is the lot of very few. I wonder what the little vixen will say, when she reads my note; if she cries, I know she loves me; and if she don't, I'll have revenge on her. How attentively she listened as I told her of my love, last night; looked sad, but would not give me the encouragement I had hoped. When I took her hand she did not withdraw it, as she has

sometimes, but let it lay passively in mine. Have been deceived once or twice before, and may be again; am almost afraid to hope. Military titles sound large to young girls, but are like tinkling brass. I wonder why he stays so long; think I hear him coming now. [*Rises.*]

Enter NEPHEW.

BACH.—What kept you so long?

NEPHEW.—Why, uncle, I have not been gone fifteen minutes.

BACH.—The answer.

NEPHEW.—I have it in my pocket [*feeling both*]; no, in my hat. [*Looks, but cannot find it.*]

BACH.—Lost it, have you, you little rascal. I'll disinherit you. [*Finds it and hands it to him.*]

BACH. [*Reads and smiles very complacently, then turning to his NEPHEW.*—Go and tell my partner to cash Mr. L.'s note; I will not be at the office this morning. [*NEPHEW goes out.*]

BACH.—[*Alone.*—She wants me to come immediately; says, “don't delay, for the spirit of your note has grieved me very much.” That's one point gained; think I'll succeed yet, and if I do, the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable is nothing to it.

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